

THE WALDEN HOME  
IN THE VALLEY

This book is dedicated  
To my Father  
William David Walden  
To Pleasant Valley,  
To the first Walden Family  
The Valley of the Little  
Blue Crane -  
Better known as  
Bull Creek Valley.

Written by  
Clementine (Walden) Jackson  
309 Willow Street  
Austin,  
Texas.

1966

## The Prologue

If I could just go back to the valley of long ago and find the blissful peace of the rushing waters of a clear creek at my feet, hear the hum of the many wild bees and the songs of all the birds, I would lift up my eyes to the friendly hills. For I feel that they can bestow a blessing. Even their shadows being cast across the valley is as a protecting hand that my father would hold out to me. And in his great devotion, my faith in human kind would be restored. I try so hard to do what he taught me to do, to do unto others as I would that they should do unto me. My own father and the Heavenly Father said that we all should live like that. So many times we hurry on; we so often forget the blessing that could mean so much to us all. We fail to see the morning sun, the trees on yonder hill. We miss the sunrise and the sunset and the singing of the whippoorwills. I would love to roam again among the lovely trees of my valley, to climb the hills and breathe in the pure air of the mountain cedars, to wade again in the clear rock bottom creek, to go in bathing again in the old black bloomer bathing suits, and jump off of the rock ledges, with our cousins: Ruth, Clara, and Ima Walden, Pearl and Rachel Jones and the Venerable girls. I would love to walk down in the spring hollow again, climb up on an old split rail fence, meet up with a longhorn cow -- now an oddity -- jump from a covey of quail when they fluttered up all at once and startled me, find a cottontail rabbit's nest with some baby rabbits in it, go berry picking down in the pasture, and have a good dewberry cobbler for my dinner. I would like to grind a cup of good fresh coffee in the old coffee mill on the kitchen wall. Yes, I would like to even churn again in the old-fashion dasher-like churns. Go pick up

chips and corn cobs to help cook dinner on the old wood stove. Just to roam around with my father, and sit watching him shear our sheep on the old rail fence, watch him shoe the horses and mules as he tried not to hit them while in front of me. I would like to go to an old time Christmas tree at the old school house, and listen to all the neighbor children sing the carols and recite poems and speeches about the Christ child. Just to go again to a Sunday school picnic and have all the good things to eat with barrels of free lemonade, watch our neighbor boys play baseball and run foot races. Then when school would start we all would be so happy, with our many cousins and friends: Mabel, Ruth, Jack and Jim, Walter, and dear Lillie Walden and Will Cunningham.

## How Green Was My Valley

How green was my valley of that long ago when I wandered up and down where six generations of my people lived, worked, hoped and laughed. Six generations of the Hays, six of the Waldens. They went to camp meetings under Brush Arbors. They were oldtime Methodist. We had picnics, candy breakings, Valentine parties, rode horseback, girls on side saddle. Went in swimming in black bloomers. We would swing from grape vines over fern edged creek and tumbled on the cool earth. Played tag, hide and seek among the giant trees growing in the valley. As I wander down my Valley of Memories of that long ago with my cousins, playing in the creek, button willows blooming. The wonderful shades where we would rest and tell one another our childish secrets. We would drink at the springs. When it was getting late, we would start up the hill to Grandmother's house on the hill. She never would scold us if we had fallen in the creek and gotten sloppy. Now the old cedar log house is gone but memories come tumbling back to me of my beautiful green valley of long ago and my grandmother's old log house on the hill. I used to think of my green valley and my lovely hills as if they would always belong to my people, The Waldens. As I played up and down it with my cousins we would play by the old Mill Pond water falls. The birds singing in the trees, bees watering at the Spring under the giant walnut tree. The humble hills of my home valley will live in my heart. No one shall take those memories from me of my green valley of long ago. In my valley were the cheerful songs of wild birds, the low laughter of leaves and the cheerful chuckle of my mountain stream. In my green valley of long ago my ancestors lived, labored, loved, hoped, prayed and died.

Love lingers in the shadow of the hills I loved. The hills held a strange delight for me and in their haunts I used to play. So though my valley is no longer green and beautiful as it was in the long ago, its beauty lingers in heart -- fond memories I can't forget. The beautiful sunset behind the hill back of my grandmother's house, the old log house on the hill will live in my memory. The twin oaks in the yard, beautiful cedar, spanish oaks on the hills. The creek made music night and day and the water falls roared on. Fern and mint at the spring, cattle grazing along on the hills and up and down the valley. Sycamore, wild cherry trees, in my green valley of yesterday years. The years have come and gone but the little creek struggles on. It doesn't rush and sing like it used to do, and all of the beautiful trees are gone.

### Twilight

At my grandmother's the bright red glow of the sunset as it sunk behind the hill, the milk cows would begin to come up from the valley below. The shadows would grow longer, the red sky would turn purple. And on the hill we would hear the whippoorwill. Birds hushed their singing, chickens began to look up at their roosting places in the trees, stars began to come out. Grandmother would start supper, we little folks would go to the spring for "night water" as that job was called, and get in firewood.

That dear old log house on the hill of my grandmother Walden's. The beauty of that house was gentleness and contentment. The glory of her house was hospitality. The crown

of grandmother's house was her goodness. The glow of yellow lamp light of an old oil lamp shining out of the window, the wind whispering through the twin oaks. The moon coming up from behind the hill east of the house. Now there are three fine houses built on that hill, and grandmother's old log house on the hill is just a memory in my heart. For on that dear old hill I would always find rest for my body and peace for my mind. The landscape is rapidly changing and all I will have will be just a memory of the old log house on the hill. These are the things I love and will never forget. A tree in which a wild bird sings, the hill, the little spring, sunsets behind the hill and a full moon coming up from behind the hill across the creek. It is so refreshing to remember the days of our childhood. The fun we had at grandmother's old log house. We didn't mind the summer's heat or the winter's cold. We were having too much fun. Never thinking of growing old. And at Christmas in memory my heart goes back to my green valley of long ago and the old log house on the country hill. How I loved the valley and the lovely hills of my childhood, the noble trees, the songs of the birds, the rushing water of the many waterfalls. In memory I see again as in childhood days gone by, the wonderful time we would have playing on the hill. So just in memory I will be able to walk beside a clear rushing creek and talk with friends of yesteryears, and feel the love of my friends of long ago. Rest beside the clear waters of my beloved creek in my green valley of long ago. The sleeping hills are so quiet. There is so much to hear, the wind in the trees, the songs of birds, the humming of honeybees, the lowing of the longhorn cattle, the clopclop of a horse hoof on the rock bottom crossing, a lone rider comes riding down my valley of my childhood of long ago. All of these are melodies in my heart.

My Father  
on his  
65<sup>th</sup>  
Birthday



William David Walden  
My Father's Qualities

My father was not widely known but he was a great man. Like Washington he never lied to me. Like Lincoln he was honest with me. My father fed and clothed me, nursed me when I was sick; he was so gentle; for him just to feel of my head and say, "How do you feel, Clem?" Well, I would feel better. When I would get hurt he would take me on his knee and would dry my tears. He was never wealthy but I never had to go without. He had what is known as a stiff backbone, was firm, stood for what he believed was right but he had the most gentle hands and a kind heart. What I mean by a stiff backbone is that he was not a weakling. He talked to me about life after death, that death was a peaceful sleep. He explained so many things to

me about the Bible. My father was crippled the last few years of his life, but he never complained. I never would walk off to the springs in the pasture anymore for he couldn't go with me and I wouldn't walk off before him. My father didn't have a college education but he could tell you exactly how many pounds was a bushel of oats or corn, wheat or any kind of grain, how many pounds was a bushel of sweet potatoes or irish potatoes. How to measure an acre of land. How much it took for a square acre, how much it took to make a mile, and believe me, I sure can not do half of that. My father could rope a yearling and tie him down as good, as fast, as any movie cowboy. He liked to pitch horse shoes. I have seen him play with my eldest brothers Martin, Tom and Newton. My father sure could sling a larriet. George Johns, a cousin of his and his brother-in-law, Jack Cromeans loved to round up a bunch of yearlings. George Johns would come to our house. He would say to my father, "Billie, come let's go over in the Bull Creek Hills and round up some yearling." Father would saddle his cow pony, Dixie, put his boots and leather leggins on, and off they would go. When I go riding out the Bull Creek road that goes up to the City Park, when we are going around old Look Out Mountain just before we get to Cat Hill, where you can see Bull Creek coming into the Colorado River, I always think of my father. The many rides he and I would take around that road, he would stop at that place and he and I would get out of the car. We would just stand and look up the Colorado River. Father said one time while we were standing there looking up the river and at Huddle's Point where Bull Creek goes into the River, "Clem, if I had the money I would get an artist to paint this scene for me for I think it is the prettiest view in Travis County." We would go up Bull Creek, take pictures and build

an open fire, make coffee, fry bacon and eggs, spread our lunch under some tree by the creek. We would walk up and down the valley. I have so many pictures that we took. I have a picture of the Pleasant Valley Schoolhouse that my father attended.



*William David Walden*

We would go to picnics and old fashioned camp meetings. I go back now and look at the valley that used to be so beautiful. I see wreck and scars of what it used to be. Back when I was a child I was so happy and free running up and down the valley. My mind as free from care as a bird on the wing. There was lots of old time visiting uncles and aunts playing with cousins. We had time for that those days, and so I go back to my father's old home among the mountains that was once rich with great heart cedar trees mellowed with sunshine, sweet

with singing sounds of the creek that urged its way to the Colorado. This was my father's native ground. Because this rocky soil nurtured my race I love to go back, for I will always love this place.

### The Oak Tree in my Grandfather's Yard

Oh spare that aged oak now towering toward the sky. When but a little child I sought its grateful shade. In all their gushing joy.



Here too my sister Hattie played. My grandmother kissed me here. My father pressed my hand, forgave my foolish tear. But let that oak stand; my memories around it cling close as the bark, old friend; here shall the wild birds sing. There is a longing in my heart for the outdoors, to seek the depths of the deepest woods where I find in their solitude rest. Just to sit and listen to the birds and

to feel that you are giving your soul a chance to grow. Just to climb up on a hill and sit by yourself and feel close to God. No wonder our Saviour went upon a hill to pray. You can feel closer to God up there. Jesus chose a hillside to preach one of the most wonderful sermons that has ever been preached, one that has lived for ages and will live on for ages to come. There is so much in the Bible about the hills; a city on a hill can't be hid. The story of Lot and Father Abraham turned unto the hills and mountains. Lot chose the city and it was destroyed. To me, the hills and mountains are God's handywork. I think of them as being wise and holding great secrets of things past and things to come. The Bible tells us that we will pray for the hills and the mountains to fall on us. There is one hill I used to climb and on top was a level place where the purple lillies grew. I would gather a large bouquet and think of the verse in the Bible where Jesus told the people to observe the lillies of the field; they toiled not, but Solomon in all his purple and fine linen and all of his glory was not arrayed as one of the lillies. There is a hill on Bull Creek called Tannie Hill and old Lookout. The hill that has a steep straight-up bluff is on the Bull Creek that us Walden descendents call the goat bluff; back in our grandfather Walden's time his herd of goats bedded down at night on top of the hill along the edge all along the bluff line, so the family began to call it the Goat Bluff.-- the old baptizing place. There is a swimming pool now, owned and run by More's Lodge. They are going to build a club in one of my grandfather Walden's fields. That place on Bull Creek is now called Lake Wood. It used to be called the Pleasant Valley Community. I have sat in a giant black walnut tree with my cousin Rachel and watched wild deer come and drink at the water that

is a bathing pool now. My uncle sold the walnut tree during the first World War in 1918 to make airplane propellers; the ones that bought the tree even dug up the great roots of it. There will never be such walnut trees on the banks of Bull Creek anymore. There is a new auto road that goes across one hill that was level on top with a twenty-five acre field of grandfathers. The road connects Bull Creek road with Spicewood Springs Road; where the road comes off of the hill and crosses the creek is the water falls to the old mill pond where my grandfather had his mill, run by water power, back in 1850 and 1860. I was afraid of that water hole when a child -- it was so deep and blue; it isn't deep now. But when I was a child, Bull Creek was a large roaring stream. I have a picture of my father and me boat riding in Bull Creek.

*My Father  
William David Walden  
My three sons Royce, Clark  
and Dale Jackson*



*In Bull Creek*

1927

Some of the old creek crossings used to swim a horse in crossing. Sometimes Father would take a notion to come from Austin down Thurms Hill -- that is the hill on Spicewood Springs Road that comes down to Bull Creek. Back in the old days the hill road was lot s steeper than it is now since they have made an auto road of it. It has been cut down -- back in the old days it was really steep. Father would lock the back wheels of the carriage and I would hold to the sides for dear life, thinking that we were going right over the teams' head. I would cry and beg to get out and walk down. Sometime Father would let me out and I would walk down. It frightened me just as bad to go up the hill. I would think the harness was going to break and we would come rolling down into Bull Creek. I love to be up on a hill, but I want my feet on the ground. The buck eye trees bloom up and down the hills and valley. The spanish oak trees are so preety in the springtime, so green and cool looking. Up Bull Creek Valley there was a spring branch that came rushing off of a bluff with maidenhair fern growing all in the rocks. The little Indian boy called it a high-up spring. There is another rock bluff in Bull Creek Valley that had honey bee hives in it. It lasted for years, couldn't anything or anyone get to the bee cave for it was high up on the abrupt bluff. Finally the bees died out during a long drought. Most of the large cypress trees have died and I don't see any box elder trees anymore. All of the water lillies have died. My beautiful beloved Bull Creek Valley has almost turned into a ghost valley to me; it has changed so much in the last sixty years. The valley is being commercialized now. We will have to go to paying to go up and down Bull Creek Valley where six generations of Waldens have played, rode, went in swimming and did much as we

pleased as most of the entire valley belonged to our relatives.

### Memories of my Sister Hattie

She cooked for me, made my dresses -- in fact, all of my clothes. She washed and ironed for me. Shampooed my hair, combed and braided it for me. Of course, this was all after we lost our mother. Hattie was just fifteen; I was not yet five. Hattie taught me a little poem about flowers. I still remember it:

I wish I were a little flower  
To blossom in the grove  
To spread my odor  
Among the plants that grow.  
No hand could roughly pull me,  
I would silently open and quietly die.  
Also come little leaf  
Said the wind one day  
Come over the meadow with me and play  
Put on your dresses of red and gold  
Summer is gone and days grow cold.

I remember her bed of marigolds. I thought they were so pretty -- just a burst of yellow gold. I watched her water them. While the bird twitched and sang in the live oak trees. Oh, the warm sweet mornings of Spring when a little girl I watched her work in the marigold bed. I still love marigolds. They always will make me think of my sister Hattie. She always said, "Clem is my girl and sister too." When she passed away I felt like a child that had seen a great tower fall. I didn't have anyone to turn to.

## Home

Home -- what a sweet word and the memory of the wonderful day I spent with my father. I remember how we used to sit out in our yard at night. Father would talk; we would listen. We younger ones would lie on a pallet. One time I remember Brother Newton and Sister May went to sleep. I didn't but I pretended to be asleep. Father woke Newt and May up to go into bed. He carefully picked me up and carried me in the house and gently laid me on the bed. I was eight years old at the time.

Father married again when I was ten, but as long as he lived I was a baby to him. His and Mother's baby. I have four half brothers and two half sisters, but he never let any of them take my place at the table on the corner by him. I had eaten there before my mother died and until he died forty-three years later, Father called it Clem's place. My stepmother Ara was good to me and always told the younger children not to mind my being so close to my father for he was all I had and they had both. I was very proud of my little brothers and sisters and carried them around. Elmer and Edgar used to follow me around. Debs was a sweet little fellow too. Brother Jim was born after I was married. I loved my little brothers and sisters very much.

One day when I was four years old I was trying to put a brass ring on my finger; it was the kind that went with the brass nobs that they used to put on longhorn cows to keep them from ripping you open in case they wanted to hook you. Well, Brother Martin said to me, "Come here; I will put it on your finger." Well, in a few hours my finger began to hurt; I began to cry. Father said "Come here, let

me see what is the matter with your hand?" It was really swollen. Mother held me down in her lap while Father filed the brass ring into. I lost my mother a few months after that. Very few things I remember about my mother. I remember she had beautiful black hair and I thought her real beautiful. She was born the fifteenth of March, 1861. Her name was Margot Savanah Nelson Walden. Another time I remember while she was living, Father had some man working for him that had a guitar. He would hang it up by a string on the wall in my brother's room. Oh, I wanted to thump that guitar and make music like he did, so one day I got the broom, went in there. I was going to hit the guitar with the broom handle so I kept hitting at it until I knocked it down. Sister Hattie and Mother were in the kitchen. Hattie came in where I was. She said, "Oh, it fell down, didn't it?" Of course she knew what I had done for I was still standing there with the broom in my hands. I remember what kind of dress I wore to my mother's funeral. It was a pink dress with little white hearts. Of course, I didn't know what death meant. So for several months I would wonder where my mother was and why she didn't come back. I would go ask my sister Hattie when Mother was going to come back. My poor sister would always go to crying so I stopped asking for I didn't want to make my sister cry. Hattie was fifteen when we lost our mother; I was four. I just followed my father around, wherever he sat down, I would sit down beside him. I would go down in the field and I would go with him to the pasture and we would go down to the spring. He would clean the leaves out of the spring. We would get a drink; then he would say, "Clem, let's see if there is any bees watering here."

When I was a little girl, Father had lots of bees. He had at one time twenty-five stands. Brother

Newt used to find lots of bee trees. I would go with Father and my brothers to cut the bee tree. If I ate much of the honey it gave me the colic. Some times I would get bee stung. When I was about six years old Father took us children to see a magic lantern show. I thought it was wonderful. Then when I was twelve I saw another magic lantern show. That one was "Ten Nights in a Bar Room". Brother Newt, Sister May and I had three little baby squirrels. We called them Jack, Bonnie and Jessie. We kept them until they were grown. That was the year of 1900. 1900 was the year of that Galveston flood and did we have a rain. The old dam at Austin on the Colorado River broke. That year Father made over a bale of cotton to the acre. One morning our dogs had an opossum treed. My brothers, Martin and Tom, killed him; then they discovered the mother opossum in a setting hen's nest. They killed her and she had seven little baby opossums. Three in one pocket and four in the other pocket. So there were nine opossums before breakfast. One time Father had some hogs in a rail pen and one of our ganders stuck his neck through and was spewing at the hogs; the gander wanted some of the corn that they were eating and a hog bit off the gander's upper bill so we had to kill the gander for he couldn't eat without his upper bill.

One time one of our brood sows had thirteen baby pigs. A sow doesn't have but twelve teats so one little pig was out of luck, but there was a runt in the bunch so one of them died. We children named the mother sow, Elephant.

Sister May and I were see-sawing; we had a board across a large live oak log. May got me up and she jumped off and let me fall. I fell across the log and made my nose bleed. One time when we

were little girls we went dewberry picking. We found a snake; we killed him with rocks. He got right short and thick while we were throwing rocks at him. Father said the snake was a spreading adder. Then one time Hattie and I came up on her little dog Snip in a fight with a rattle snake -- first and only time I ever saw a rattle snake fight. I stood back and watched the fight while Hattie went to get Father. He shot the snake and it had fifteen rattlers on it. Brother Tom taught me my A. B. C. 's. He would write them on a board and have me say them after him; when we would come to the letter "o" he would say now what do you say when you stump your toe; I would say "o". The older brothers and sisters used to come by and give me a shove. I would stand back and try to place my feet just like I had them and tell them I was going to stand right there. I was foolish -- I didn't know they were doing it for fun just to hear me say that and to watch me try to place my feet just like they were. I had a long illness one time and back in those days the doctor sure gave bitter medicine. Father waited on me, gave me my medicine. I hated to take it so bad he said, "Clem, take your medicine and I will get you some pretty red ribbon for your hair." Sister Hattie said, "And I will give you my big wax doll." She gave the doll to me; I was too sick to handle it while I was in bed, so May took my doll and broke it before I ever got to play with it. But Father got me the red ribbon and a pretty red shawl with fringe on it. We had some chairs made out of white birch wood. Mr. Bankton made them. We called them the Bankston chairs. When I got old enough my job was to scrub those chairs with wood ashes and the cedar water bucket too. There was a grove of trees in one side of our yard and there was a post oak. I took a notion I didn't want it so I got Father's axe and chopped on that tree until I had

it down. I thought I could drag it off but of course I couldn't even move it. Father asked who cut it down. I told him I did and he was very angry at me. I thought I was going to catch a paddling, but I didn't. I know now I needed one bad. I was about eleven years old. There was a large pond down back of the field. May and I would go there and sail our dolls. There were some caves at one edge of the pond. I was afraid of them. When we would have a rainy year and a big rain would come, the pond would overflow and run into the caves; then that would ruin our well water, for our well at the house had a cavern in it and down below the house were some more caves. I remember the big sunk place in our pasture. Father said they were buffalo wallows. Down in the lower pasture there was an Indian mound. My brothers dug into it and got some good Indian arrows. I still have one of the flint arrows. I used to go to the woods with Father to chop wood. He would let me pile the brush then he would let me burn it; until this day I love to clear land and I will soon be seventy years old. I still love to walk in the country and listen to a creek making its way back to its lowest level. Father would always try to have a small hog to kill before Christmas so we would have fresh meat and sausage for the holidays. He would boil a ham in our wash pot in the yard. We would have lots of company Christmas week. Father's widowed sister and children would come and we would all go to our neighborhood Christmas tree. One time Brother Martin thought he would take a good nap; he laid down in the cottonseed house and slept until next morning. He missed the party he was resting up for and broke the date with his girl. When I had gotten in my teenage year Sister May, two cousins -- Clifton and George Johns, a neighbor boy, and his sister thought we would play

an April fool trick on a fellow that lived by himself in the rent house. It made the man angry and got his double barrel shotgun and shot at us. We ran for our lives; it was so dark we got off of the road and ran through the wooded pasture. That was the last April fool stunt I was ever in.

Back when I was growing up, girls had to ride side-saddle and I was afraid to ride one, but Father wouldn't let us ride astride, so very few times I ever rode horseback. The last time I was in a side-saddle it turned and I fell off. When I did, I fainted. If the horse had been bad about running he would have killed me. I told Father I would never ride a side-saddle again, and I never did. I used to have to walk to school, and on foggy mornings I would get to school late for I would fool along. I loved being in the fog. The spider webs on the fences would be so pretty with drops of water on them. They would look like the finest of lace doilies. I still love to walk in the country in the fog. I remember the old blue northers we used to have. The stock seemed to know when one of them was coming up, for the horses would come rushing up out of the pasture; they would hold their head high and snort. The hogs would squeal and play. The longhorn cattle would take to the timber, lowing. I used to like to go down in the pasture to gather wild flowers and there were lots of them. First the wild violets and little jony jump up; then in March, the black haw trees would bloom their pretty white clusters of bloom. They look like little white bouquets and their leaves would be so pretty and green. The little dwarf cactus -- we had three of them: the white with yellow centers, the dusty rose with the yellow centers, and the yellow one. And lots of wild orchid colored phlox and the wild pink prim roses. We had lots of wild dewberries. They would ripen in the month of May. We would make berry jelly and

berry cobblers. I remember Father used to buy green coffee beans and we would parch the coffee on the stove in an iron skillet; then we would grind it in an old coffee mill that was nailed to the wall in the kitchen. I liked to turn the coffee mill. We used to make up a lot of hominy and sometimes we would grind some in the sausage mill and make hominy custard. We always took shelled corn over to Uncle Jim Walden's grist mill for our meal. I would help Father shell corn. Father always planted a big garden. He would plow it with what they call a walking double shovel and sometime a plow point he called a calf's tongue. He would say, "Come on, Clem, and turn vines for me." I dreaded that job-- turning cucumber vines. Father got us little girls an organ. We learned to play by note. I could play lots of marches and waltzes and sacred songs too. Father would sometimes come in and stand by the old organ and sing. He loved to sing; his favorite sacred song was "In the Sweet By and By". He loved the old-time songs -- "Old Black Joe", "Old Folks at Home", and "Sweet Bunch of Daisies". Father would bring us to Austin. He would take us to Williams Fink -- it was then -- and then he would say, "You little girls get you a new dress and ribbons and laces." He would say, "I will be back after you." He would make a bee line for Tom Walling's grocery store. He and Mr. Walling had known one another since their childhood. We used to raise lots of blackeyed peas. Father would take them to Tom Walling and trade them pound for pound for other kinds of beans. I would go to Mr. Walling's store sometimes with Father. They would hit each other on the back and call each other Bill and Tom. I remember the old vinegar barrels and the cracker barrels. Also the molasses barrels. I remember the watering trough. I remember when

they called Sixth Street, Pecan Street. One time Father and I came to Austin in a long top hack. As we were going home it came up a bad cloud and high wind. We were out on the prairie about where Boling Green is now. The wind was really blowing. It caught under the hack top some way and blew it off. It lodged against the fence on the opposite side of the road. Father looked around at me. He was pale as could be. He said, "Clem, I thought sure we were lightning struck." Father used to be on the debating team. I loved to hear him debate. Brother Newt belonged to a Negro Minstrel. One day I got into his make-up. I blacked my face, put his suit of clothes on, put my hair up under his hat, saddled up one of the horses with Brother's saddle, rode up to my married sister's house. My brother-in-law Charlie Glenn came out to the gate. I asked him the way to get out of there to the Burnet road. He told me just how to go; then I began to laugh at him. He looked at me so foolish. I said, "Charlie, don't you know me?" I sure had fooled him. Brother Newt and I used to play what he called rooster fighting. You double up your arms and lunge at each other, hitting your shoulders. He would knock me winding, but I would come right back at him. He could turn what they called wagon wheels. I couldn't do that, but he and I would wind around a cedar pole. We called that skinning cats. Newt and I used to chin the porch plate. I soon could pull myself up, chin it, let my feet come nearly to the floor and draw myself up again three times without stopping. Sometimes Newt and I would get into a fight. He would get the best of me until I would out run him. He was four years older than me. One time I went down in the pasture and I found some ripe black persimmons. I ate some of them and it made me sick. Father said, "Why, Clem, don't anything eat those things

but opossums and racoons. I sure never ate any of them anymore. When autumn came and the black haws got ripe, Father would go with me to eat black haws. He liked them as well as I did. May, Newt and I used to gather us some cedar wax and get stretch berries and put in it -- that was what we used for our double bubble gum. As long as my father lived he never allowed us to plant running vines on our porch, for the last summer that Mother lived, she had lots of vines on the porch. I guess it had a painful memory for him. He liked to read the Bible. He told me that his favorite chapter in the Old Testament was the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. One time when I was just a tot we had a bowl of peas on the table; I said, "Pass me the peas I dod." I meant I God. I always ate on the corner of the table by my father; I did that every time I went back home after I was grown and married. He always called it Clem's place. Sometimes when I was small he called me "Pot Eye". I was the only brown eyed child he had. Mother had brown eyes. Father had big blue eyes and dark hair. I remember my childhood foolish phobias. I wouldn't eat a bite of rice if there were anyone home sick in bed. Another phobia was a tall black headed man in a derby hat and a walking cane and a black mustache. I thought they were terrible evil beings. Then when I grew up I fell in love and married a tall black headed man, but he did not wear a derby hat or a mustache, either. One time Father was down in the pasture and found a baby armadillo. He thought it so cute he brought it to the house to show us children. So after he went back to work, Newt and May told me they were going to put this little fellow down my back. I ran around the house for dear life and across the long front porch and across the yard. Once they got close enough to me that I felt his

claws on the back of my neck. That night I had a bad dream and screamed out and woke Father up; those two youngsters like to have got into trouble. When I was a little girl I dreaded branding day. Father would pen up the cattle, get his branding irons out, rope the yearlings and tie them down and put the hot branding iron to them. They would low. I felt so sorry for them; Father told me that it didn't hurt them; they just bawled because they were tied down. Father's cow brand was L. W. on the left hip. His horse brand was an O on the right shoulder. I also remember Father's shoe last; he would half sole our shoes when they would wear out. There were several sizes of iron shoes to put on the iron stand to fit the shoe that he was mending. Father would buy a large piece of leather. He would measure our shoe then cut out the leather sole. I used to watch him half sole our shoes. Father lots of times would make his own axe handle. He would make them out of pecan wood. I would sit and watch him whittle it down; then he would scrape it with a piece of thick broken glass. It would be so smooth and slick and look just like the axe handles you buy. My old home was a farm and ranch and had four hundred and twenty acres in it. There were two springs on it. Father used to shoe his horses and mules. He would take something that he called a rasp and smoothed off their feet, put the horse shoe on with horse shoe nails, then he would say they were fresh shod. I have seen him make cow yokes -- that too, he would make out of pecan wood. A cow didn't have to wear a yoke unless she got to jumping the fence, getting out of the pasture or jumping in the field. I have seen my father take rawhide, cut it into strips and plate chair bottoms with it. The winter of 1900 and 1901 he put out a large orchard. It would be so pretty in the springtime when in bloom. One of the

pear trees is still living and this is February 28, 1961. I think of the good fruit we used to have. The good garden vegetables and honey, good meat to eat. It sure would cost lots of money to have all those good eats. Chickens, eggs and milk and butter. Good old sorghum molasses. I would sop butter and molasses and sop ham gravy. My brother Tom would tell me I shouldn't sop. I told him it tasted better when sopped. I can look back now and see that all my childhood life was spent following my father. Finally, when I grew up and met my husband Claud Jackson, at the age of nineteen we were engaged. He gave me a ring. My father was the first person that I showed it to. There were two outstanding things that Father always told me to do -- never go back on my word once I gave it, and try to always treat people like I would like for them to treat me. He said we would have a wonderful world if everyone would do that. He tried to live by what he called the Golden Rule. My father didn't drink. He didn't use bad language. He loved his fellow man. I was about twelve years old when my Grandma Walden died. That night after the funeral I was standing by my father's chair as usual. He looked up at me and said, "Clem, it hurts a man to give up his mother, but it hurts me lots worse to give up your mother." Nearly fifty years later those words come back to me. I could understand it when I had to give up my husband. On September 3, 1939, I lost my father. He lived until October 11 of being eighty years old. He was born in 1859, William David Walden, in Travis County near Austin, Texas, the son of Hughell and Rachel Walden. When I saw my father laid to rest, I knew I had lost the best and dearest friend I ever had or ever would have. To me he was a wonderful father. I don't know what I would have done without him, for I owe what I am

or ever hope to be to him. When he was gone I felt like a child again -- lost in the dark.

*Clementine and Claud Jackson*



1911

*My Husband*

My Life With my Husband

We moved to the oil fields in 1919. He worked at Ranger, Texas, Breckenridge, Texas. He rode into Breckenridge on the first train that pulled into that booming oil town. R. R. Clara Smith killed Jake Hammonds while we lived at the Brackenridge oil field. Hammonds was a rich oil king. Then in 1922, we moved to the Mexia, Texas, oil field. People stood in line at the General Delivery at the Post Office until there was a woman fainted while standing in line. We lived at Mexia six years; then in September 1928, we went to Eldorado, Arkansas. Then from there to Seminole, Oklahoma. Then back to Texas -- East Texas, twenty-nine miles of Tyler, and stayed there six years, then back to Round Rock, Texas.

In 1942, we lived in Fort Worth, Texas, then coming back to Austin -- my home town. While living in East Texas, my husband and three sons: Royce, Clark, Dale, and I went down on the Sabine River camping and fishing. It was so pretty down in East Texas; I saw so many pretty trees that don't grow in this part of Texas. I decided I would get leaves of all the different kind of trees and send to my father at Austin. I gathered a large shoe box of leaves, wrote my father a letter, telling him what I had done. My boys mailed my box of leaves and forgot to mail my letter. Several days later I came across my letter. My husband said, "Clemmie, what will your Daddy think, getting a box of leaves?" But I got a letter from home; he had gotten my leaves and appreciated my thoughtfulness very much. Not anything I ever did surprised my father.

#### My Childhood Memories of Bull Creek

In playful moods its crystal water skips  
Along through shallow channels wide  
Till checked in midst of dashing quips  
It flows with deeper, slower tide  
Where hanging willows fringe its edge  
It seems to pause a moment there  
To let their roots reach out and dredge  
Sweet morsels for their daily fare.  
Where widening banks are pushed apart  
As if to lend a greater strength and ease  
It leaps with noisy swirl and racing heart  
Across a dam of rock and broken trees  
A coverlet of dancing foam  
Churned white by waterfalls  
Rocks over pools where fishes roam

And hides them from the angler's call  
No music made by human mind can bring such  
calm and restful pose  
When I beside it quiet find from heart and toil  
I think it knows  
That I have come to seek a peace  
Not found except where nature holds  
Complete control, and lends sweet peace,  
rest  
To tired minds and to its bust enfolds  
So give me every idle hour beside this lulling  
stream alone  
For here beneath the willows bower  
Is just the spot to dream of home.

William Cunningham,  
Lillie Walden

Clementine Walden and  
Clara Jackson,

Before we were married



at a Picnic on Bull Creek  
July 4<sup>th</sup> 1911

## A Tribute to Bull Creek

My lonely little creek hidden in the hills.  
Rocky ledge banks and all is so quiet except the  
gurgling of the water as it seeks its way back to  
the sea. Lonely little creek -- each time I look at  
you, your quietness and calmness, they refresh my  
soul anew. I think of you so often as you were in  
the days of my childhood. How beautiful you were,  
rushing back to the sea. The beautiful trees grow-  
ing in the valley, birds singing in them, flowers  
growing along the way.

Now you are like me; you have slowed down as  
if you were resting from your years of running so  
fast back to the sea. I know you must be weary for  
you have run so long. So many things that caused  
your waters to run and laugh are gone. The beau-  
tiful trees have been cut down. People that loved  
you have passed on. The longhorn cattle that you  
were named for are gone. I look at you in sympathy.  
I feel like I am looking at an old friend, that will  
soon be gone. But I will always love you, and in  
my heart you will still be beautiful. As in the dear  
days of long ago, when I too went rushing on, some  
of my happiest days were spent with you. I would  
sit on your bank, listen to your water falls, watch  
the little perch and minnows swimming. If you  
could talk, you could tell some wonderful things.  
But the hills will always be with you, to hold your  
secrets as you run your course and carry your  
waters back to the sea. I will be remembering you  
as my beautiful creek of yesterday years -- with  
my cousins, Arthur, George, Claud, Clifton and  
me.

## Walden Place

Dear Clementine, I saw you playing there  
Beside the cool, clear brook on Walden Place  
You wore a spray of violet in your hair,  
Plucked from the shady dells the hills  
embrace.

Here, with your sisters, brothers, play-  
mates all,  
From mossy boulders strewn athwart the  
stream,  
You tripped from rock to ledge across the  
waterfall,  
And spent your childhood days as in a dream.

Yes,, I could see you there--in youthful  
mirth --  
As with your friends you whilled the time  
away,  
Engaged in childish sports on soft, green  
earth,  
Till darkness stopped your frolics for the  
day.

Now many fleeting years have changed the  
view.  
The scenes of sylvan beauty fade from sight.  
Remember? I was there, and so were you;  
Your memory will make your sunset bright!

(Note: This poem was inspired by the story, "Good-  
Days on Bull Creek" printed in The American States-  
man, Sunday, April 28, 1963. C. D. Greer, 402  
East 48th Street, Austin, Texas)

October 20, 1960

My son Royce and his wife Annie Laurie and I went out to Barton Springs. We went riding on the little train there. Then we went riding in the Barton Creek in the paddle boats. Then we left and went to the Bull Creek valley to Grandfather's old home place. We took a good look at two of the new homes being built. I looked out of one of the windows of one of the houses and there was the little old dirt road that I used to run up as a child. And I could see all the little aligrita bushes where we cousins used to play and eat the berries. Now there is a paved street right along the old field fence line where Grandfather Walden had an old zig zag kind of cedar rail fence around the field that he used to work with oxen. This was back in the 1850's.

*My Grand Father  
Hugh Walden's old field*



*on Bull Creek*

Progress on Grandfather Walden's old place is a real heartache to me. Of course you can understand that I do not wish to stop progress, but then it still hurts me like a thorn in my side. The old familiar things will soon be gone like the longhorn cattle and the many wild bulls from which the creek got its name. Bull Creek valley used to be called Pleasant Valley, but now it is called Lakewood -- which is very silly because it is on the creek and not even very close to the lake. The housing project on the old field is also called Lakewood Park. I wished it could have been called Walden Oaks in the memory of Grandfather and my Grandmother Walden. But all the old things have to go just like the old dasher churns, the coffee mills, the old cedar water buckets with the brass band around it, and the walking plows, the big old Studebaker wagons, and sidesaddles. Also the style of dress has changed too. The old model T's and the model A's are all gone.

I miss the pretty spanish mulberry bushes which I hardly ever see any more. Once in a great while I see a button willow, but no more wild cherries. My cousin Louella says that when she goes back she sure misses the large sycamore trees and the giant black walnuts and all the cypress that grew up and down Bull Creek Valley. We used to have picnics under the beautiful trees, catch a good mess of fish and have a nice old fish fry. Bull Creek used to have a lot of nice white perch in it. But it has been so dry that the fish have all dried out. There also was a lot of big water moccasins too. I spent the day with Louella here the other day; we really enjoyed the day together. We talked of the days when four Walden families lived on and around grandfather's place. How she would walk a log across Bull Creek, going to school. We all loved the big old twin oaks --

they stand as a kind of a shrine and a monument to the Waldens that have gone on. When I go back to the twin oaks I always feel like I am playing homage to our ancestors -- especially to my father and grandparents, and to my sister Hattie that has now gone on to her reward. I feel such a reverence, loyalty and respect, for after all, they do stand for all the past of the Waldens and the Hays.

October 21, 1961

Today was my seventy-first birthday. My son Clark, wife Grace and grandsons: John, Robert and Billie came up from Palacios, Texas, to spend the day with me, and for a real treat my son said, "Mother, how would you like to go out to your old home and have a picnic lunch down at the Spring?" I said I would be delighted; so we went; I sure did enjoy my day -- showing my grandsons where I used to play and roam up and down the Spring branch. I went up one spring branch to a spring I hadn't been to since I had married fifty-one years ago. It was beautiful up that hollow -- I could have spent a week there and enjoyed every day of it. The frogs swimming in the pool -- everything as God had created it. I told my grandsons that was why I was still strong and able to climb a hill -- I had grown up on the dear old farm and ranch, running over the pastures and the spring branches, gathering wild flowers, eating black haws, wild plums, agrela berries, chasing butterflies. Brother Newton told me if I would bite off the butterfly head and lay him at the spring I would get a new dress the color of the butterfly. I showed the little boys the ruins of the Indian mounds not far from the spring and I showed them the caves. The ruins of an old rent

house on the place, where the little quince tree grew, the only one I ever did see. I looked for the black haw tree but that too was gone. The shade mulberry trees were still standing, but they are dead. The rock fence tumbled down. I told my grandsons to grow up on a ranch, running over the pastures with the wind blowing in your face is a pleasant memory that you never forget. I can still sit on my heels, can touch my toes without bending my knees and sit flat in the floor with my knees together and my feet behind me. I did all of that this morning on my seventh-first birthday and walked ten blocks before 9 o'clock a. m. and then took the trip with the grandsons. I have six grandsons although just three of them were with me today. I wish the others had been Clark L, James Dale, and David didn't get to come. Clark L is in the Air Corps at San Antonio, Texas. I have three granddaughters -- Joyce Ann is married; Mary Frances is married; Sherylon is going to college. They all would have enjoyed the trip.



*Clementine*

November 11, 1962

Today fifty years ago my first son was born. I was then twenty-one years old. My husband was twenty-five; we were young and so happy and had looked forward for the coming of our baby. We were so hurt and disappointed when our baby came stillborn. Now I am seventy-one; my husband has passed on and I am so lonely. I miss my dear husband. He and my father were the best friends I ever had.

Today I walked up an old road that wound around a hill on my grandfather's place on Bull Creek; up there I could look down on Bull Creek where my Father played and went in swimming in the old mill pond. I passed by an old field up there that was put in in 1852. I used to go with my cousins Rachel and Arthur and Claud Walden up there and eat plums. As I walked along the old road I would look across the valley and see cars going along a new road across my uncle Jim Walden's old field. Up there I felt so at peace with the world and so close to God. I came across some beautiful mountain flowers -- a large bunch of lupines, mountain daisies. I gathered a bouquet. There used to be a house up there; you can still find the old chimney foundations and parts of the garden's rock fence. I sat down on a large rock and thought of the gone-by days; everything is so different now. Up there is like being in another world -- a world of old time ways, when friends and neighbors had time to spend the day with their friends and relatives or go visit the sick. There was a family of German people by the name of Thurm that settled on Bull Creek about the same time my Grandfather Walden did. They came over from Germany and were broke and couldn't speak English. My grandmother could

speak the German language so she helped and befriended them, so to this day, the Thurm's descendants tell of how their grandparents told them of my Grandmother Walden -- how she divided with them and waited on them when they were sick. They would knock any one down to hear any ill word of the Waldens. I am proud of my Walden ancestors and my mother's people too -- the Nelsons. They were hard working people, old-time gentle folks who worked all week and kept the Sabbath day. They were old-time Methodist and Presbyterian. My mother had one half brother; I loved him too, but his descendants are what I call cornbread aristocrats. I believe in being proud, but not in snubbing people because you feel like you have a little more than they do. My uncle was proud, but he knew how to be, and how to treat people. His children were always jealous of the Waldens.

Did you ever walk on an old, discarded road? Well, I did today; I hadn't walked that road in over fifty years. The road was on Bull Creek -- one we used to travel in a wagon or horse back, on our way to see Grandmother Walden. I walked it alone, and as I walked, I could almost feel my father's presence. He and I had gone along that road so many times together; I look at our old swimming hole where we cousins and our aunts used to go in swimming in our black bloomers for bathing suits. I would jump off of the rock ledges into water up to my chin. The water was so clear for the creek was solid rock bottom. We had so much fun; Aunt Mary Walden, Aunt Prisella Jones, our friends, the Venerable girls, would come down to our bathing place. I thought of all of my old friends and cousins -- some have gone on; some are still here, but we are getting old. My beloved valley is a ghost valley to me now, but I sure do love the memory of the dear bygone

days. As I walked that old road along the creek I almost felt like I was in a spirit world. I felt like I could almost hear my friends and kin laughing, especially my father. One time when in bathing, we were all laughing and diving; I got too close to the water falls and I was struggling to get out; the falls were beating me under. I heard Dollie Venerable holler, "Look at Clem!" She came swimming to me and got me out; I was about out of breath. I have always loved the Venerable girls; they were so good to me -- they were the kindest hearted girls I ever knew. When a teenager, I had a crush on their brother Charlie. He made me feel so important, would always insist on me playing the organ. He would say, "Come on, Clem; I want to hear you play and sing." I would sing "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" and chord it on the organ. Charlie would complement me on my singing. I would sing "After the Ball" and "Will You Love Me When I Am Old" and "Old Black Joe". When I was sixteen Charlie got killed; to me that was a tragedy. He left a widowed mother and six heartbroken sisters. And all the teenage girls in the neighborhood missed him -- me, included. Then another Charlie came into my teenage life. We would play together at play parties -- play the "needle's eye" and "skip to me, my love" and be together at country picnics. Now we are old; he is left a widower and I am left a widow. We pass the time together going to movies. Sometimes we go to church; sometimes we just drive around in the hills and sometimes we go back to the old places. He is good about taking me back to roam up and down Bull Creek Valley. The valley should have been called Walden Valley, for they were the ones that settled it. One afternoon Charlie and I went up in the hills, up the Bee Cave Road, got out of the car and

climbed up on top of a hill. We could see for miles; the scenery was beautiful. It gives you a wonderful feeling up there. My cousins and sister-in-law Louise, who used to like to climb hills with me, can not climb them now. Seems as I am the only one left of our age that can still climb. I am sitting now where I can look at Town Lake on the Colorado River. I never cared for boat riding, but my husband did, so I would sometimes go with him. My husband loved horses; I loved cattle. My father was an old time cowboy, and loved cattle. I guess I inherited the love for cattle. I love to watch "Rawhide" on television. While watching "Rawhide" I can see so many scenes that makes me think of my father and his cousin George Johns driving cattle on Bull Creek, the low hills and the creek.

### The Death of a Creek and a Beautiful Valley

Back in the old days when the first Walden family lived on Bull Creek, the little creek was very beautiful and ran all the time clear and clean. No broken bottles, no beer cans. That was back in 1850 and 1860. When my father was a small boy playing up and down Bull Creek valley with his cousins, the Hays boys and the Johns boys. Fishing for white perch, going in swimming in the old mill pond. In his home -- my father's -- was taught pride, honesty and truth. There was a tang in the morning air and dew on the grass. There were beautiful sun rises, beautiful sunsets behind the hills. Seems like Bull Creek has revolted against the treatment it is getting nowadays. It doesn't rush, laugh and sing anymore, as it did in the old days. Back when its pure, clear water was used for home use and to baptize people in when they would have their camp

meeting. Come for miles around in wagons, horse-back and some would walk for miles. The wonderful times they would have at picnics under the giant trees along the banks. All of this back when Bull Creek was clean and beautiful -- rushing, gurgling, laughing on its merry way to the Colorado River and on to the sea. Back when my father, W. D. Walden was young with his brothers : James, George and John. Then came us Walden grandchildren to play up and down Bull Creek -- still more beautiful and clean, rushing down to the water falls. We too would fish for perch, go in swimming, then the great grandchildren played up and down Bull Creek valley. Some of the grandchildren are in their eighties and nineties, but we still love Bull Creek and talk of the good times we used to have. We are going down the valley of time and passing on, one by one and Bull Creek is marred. We go back and look at the puddles where there used to be deep clear pools of water. The dry rock beds and wonder what has gone with all of the water. I feel like the little creek is humiliated and ashamed of the condition it is in now. To us grandchildren that are still here we feel a deep regard for that little creek -- like it was a tie that bound us all together. So many of the old cousins have passed on and before they go, they will all talk of Bull Creek and the old mill pond. Now the fifth generation of my grandparents Hugh and Rachel Walden, go out from Austin, and what we old ones tell them sounds fantastic, but I have so many old pictures to show my grandchildren, pictures of the falls, pictures of my father riding in a boat in Bull Creek. I have seen the rushing little creek swim a horse at the road crossing. I have sat in the wagon bed on a folded quilt and run my fingers in the water when my father would be

taking us to see Grandma and all of the cousins. No more big breast rises, coming down washing away the vegetable gardens. The soil is washed away and there is no more gardens. The first Walden family got a little bear, kept him until he got big and bad, for he would follow them to the lots and drink up the milk, while the girls would be milking. Now all that the hills are good for is to build houses on. Now the noise we hear out there is cars racing over the hills where there used to be such wonderful tree birds singing, cattle roaming over the hills and up and down the valley. The old settlers living in peace with their neighbors. Then there was peace in the valley, no fear of a bomb being dropped on their heads. Then the community was called Pleasant Valley. Then they knew God was their refuge.

### Friends

My old time friends of long ago are some folks I just can't forget. At the old time parties with Jack, Jim and Will, Lillie, Mabel and Ruth. How we did play at the old time play parties "marching on the green grass", "the needle's eye", "shoot the buffalo". Charlie would get me for a partner and we would play "hold the mule while I dance, Jessie". We would play "sweet William, come take a walk with me down in the flowery garden where the pretty lillies be". Our neighbor boys would call me "Little Clem". We would go to box suppers, ice cream suppers, apron parties. Carlie got my apron, hemmed it and took me to supper. One time Charlie and I rode horseback from a Valentine party at Bull Creek schoolhouse. Now the same Charles takes me to picture shows. We are old and grey headed, but the dear old friendship is still instilled in our hearts.

Some of my old time friends are gone. Hays Venerable, who stayed single because I wouldn't marry him. Hays and I had lots of fun together walking up and down Bull Creek valley. Those memories will never die. My rides with Will in his new rubber tire buggy, the old time camp meetings we used to go to, the country picnics with barrels of lemonade. Girls in white lawn dresses, parasols and the open and shut fans. Women in black skirts, white shirt waist and white bonnets. They would sit around at the picnics fanning with a palm leaf fan, gossip and watch us girls. Thank goodness I just had to have my father's approval. I knew he would see that I behaved, my dear faithful father.

Way back in my teens Charlie Venerable used to get me to sing for him the old love songs, "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" and chord them on the organ. And the little darkie song -- it went like this:

Lilac tree blooming in the corner by the gate  
Mamie is in the little cabin door,  
Pickyniny coming home so late --  
Cries cause his little toe is sore.  
Mamie in her lap takes the weeping little  
chap  
And says in a kind old way,  
"Now my honey you stay in your own back  
yard.  
Never you mind what the white chile do;  
What you spose they is gwin to give to a  
little black coon like you.

Then he would sit down to the organ and sing and chord the "Boll Weavel" song. At the camp meetings under the old cedar brush arbor he would come sit beside me, fan me with an open and shut fan.

I wouldn't of taken a thousand dollars for my feelings. He always made me feel important. He also called me "Little Clem". He lived in my green valley of long ago. My beautiful green valley of yesterday years when I was young.

The Charlies in my memory are two different Charlies. Charlie of the parties is Charlie Petri of Pond Springs. Still living. Charlie Venerable of my songs has passed on. He was the Charlie of my valley. I went to school with three other Charlies but they played no part in my life of fun and good times. Now the sun has set on youth; we are old; some have passed on and we that are still living with those golden memories of those wonderful times we had in the long ago in the springtime of our lives.

### Easter Sunday

I am thinking of an Easter Sunday sixty-four years ago when two of my cousins Charlie and Annie Cromeans, Sister May, and I spent it with Grandpa and Grandma Nelson. The home was at Jollyville on the Old Burnet Road. I also am thinking of the many Easter Sundays of my three boys when they were little, of their rabbit nests. They would bring the pretty eggs to me to see and to divide with me. Nothing equals the innocence of a little child.

Sunday: Today Charlie Petri and I went out to Bull Creek. I wanted to go down on what we always called the flat bottom where you can still see the deep wagon ruts cut into the solid rock bottom cut in there by the first Walden family, first by our Grandfather Hughill Walden with an ox wagon, then by his three sons: James, William, and my father, John Walden. The place is below what we Waldens

called the Mabry Dam. General Mabry , that Camp Mabry is named for, owned a place adjoining my Grandpa Walden's place in later years was owned by my uncle John Walden. One cousin, Ima Walden Doerntge still owns the flat bottom and what is called Doemtge Park. I went on up the creek across one of Grandfather' Walden's fields where there is a new road on down hill to the old mill pond. Across that old field. They have a new highway surveyed off, a four lane highway. It will cross the creek just above the mill pond, come across my uncle Jim Walden's old field and out to the Spice woods Springs Road at the old Melvin Venerable's place just beyond the Thurmb Hill. Then on to the Burnet Road. I'm sure sorry to see the passing of Bull Creek valley. I have some land further up Bull Creek above the Oak Grove church house, on the hill. I am going to call it Walden Ridge in memory of my grandparents and my beloved father, William David Walden. My grandparents came here from Walden Ridge, Tennessee in 1850. I did know the name of the hills on Bull Creek, but have forgotten all of them except Thurmb's hill, Tanny hill, Cat hill and Lookout Mountain and Tolbert hill. The springs that made up the head waters of Bull Creek are Turtle Spring, Rock Spring, Kelly Spring, Rummels Springs, Cedar Springs; other springs that run into it are Holman Spring, Jossy Spring, the little High Up Spring -- as the little Indian boy called it -- and Wechter Spring, Walnut Spring, Walden Spring, Mudock Spring, Syllas Jones Spring. There are others but I have forgotten their names.

The birds and bees and sweet scented breeze of my dear old home. The love and companionship of my father. We had so much in common with each other, the walks and talks we had are a dear

memory to me. We would hunt out the wild plum when they were in bloom, for we could smell them at a great distance. Then in the Autumn we would gather the plum and make jelly. We knew where the summer grape vines were; Father called them opossum grape.

More about my Father:

I sing of my father and the land  
For they were one, a part of that great band  
Who turned the sod with the walking plow  
It seems I almost see my father now  
The knotted veins across his shoulder,  
So to free his hands to guide the plow  
And so you see my father as he was --  
And of his pride and how it was his  
children he must guide  
As straight as any furrow plowed in field  
That all the best in life to them would yield  
He was the patient sort,  
One who plod persistently and steadfast as  
the sod.  
His days work did not end with the setting sun.  
It was only then the smaller task begun,  
I see no leisure as I view the past  
But see my father hammering at his last  
to mend our shoes,  
Or he would soothe and quiet his little girl  
far into the night.  
A man who patiently worked with cattle and  
the sod.  
And ever kept his simple faith in God.

I love to wander down a country road gathering wild daisies, prim roses, jony jump up along the way. Just to stop under a tree in its shade while you listen to a wild bird sing. But if we go rushing on we miss so much beauty God gave for us to see. We

sit at the close of day, when the yellow buttercups bloom out looking like little cups of gold. Just give me an old country road so I can watch all the little wild things getting ready for the night. The little birds fluttering in the trees. Why can't people be like the trees that grow along an old country road. The oak doesn't say to the elm, "I am better than you for I have different leaves", nor does the post oak say to the blackjack tree, "You shouldn't be here for your bark is coarser than mine". The hackberry doesn't say, "You are in my way". But they all have their places standing there in perfect harmony, quietly growing and blowing in the breeze, offering their shade to all people of all races and colors. God intended for people to be like that. Not to put ourselves one above the other. God did not give the white man the right to put himself above the other races of mankind. The white man killed out the Indians' buffalo and drove the Indians into what they thought was worthless land and then when oil was discovered they tried to rob the Indians again. The white man made slaves out of the black man, bought and sold him like he was cattle. I am sure God must have looked on the white man as if to say you are the sorriest of them all. No wonder other nations look on the white man with scorn. It all makes you think of an old poem that Abraham Lincoln went around quoting. Here it is:

Why should the Spirit of mortal be proud?  
It is like a meteor, a fast flying cloud.  
A flash of lightning, a break of the wave.  
He passeth from life, to rest in the grave.  
The leaf of the Oak and the Willow shall fade  
To be scattered around and together be laid  
The young and the old, the low and the high,  
Shall moulder into dust and together shall lie.

And I hear people say Christmas is for children. Well, I don't agree with them. Our Bible tells us that Christ was born for all people. A Saviour was born to save the world, and for peace on earth, good will toward men. Then why should we say it is just for children? Christmas means more to me now than it ever did. For at least I can be thankful for a Saviour. Children look for Santa Claus; we should look for higher things, Holy things. No, I don't agree. To me it means more than bright red toys and a lot of noise, for Christmas is in my heart and nothing or no one can rob me of that. Sweet peace to my soul.

I love to walk the little road, the roads of bygone days, the narrow wagon road. You can stop and look at the wild flowers. To listen to the singing water with little minnows in it, pass by the old mill pond, on down the winding little road past the hills pointing up to God in his glory. You walk and have time to think. You pass by rocks covered with moss and ferns. You hear a bird singing in a tree. The butterflies on the wild flowers. Suddenly a frog will leap into the water; sometimes you jump and your heart will beat a little faster. But I love to saunter on around the bend of the creek on the little narrow road. It brings peace to my soul and gladness to my heart. Of course, I am thinking of the little roads on Bull Creek, the little winding road that followed the creek. You pass by old thrown out fields that are almost wasted away by time, where once there were corn and cain growing. You can remember the old walnut tree where you played, the cedar where the red bird sang, the button willows in bloom. The wild violets beside the road growing among the fallen leaves. If you have never seen an old apple tree in bloom, you have missed something. My grandchildren will enjoy things I didn't have in my growing up, such as television, air

conditioners, all the things that we have now, but some of my grandchildren have never seen a goose egg or little goslings or baby pigs. But I had all those things on my dear old home, little lambs, calves, pigs, goslings and little chickens. Just to see the orchard in bloom. Watch the bees swarm, and settle on a tree -- looks like a great basket hanging there. I would watch my father get them into a bee stand; sometimes I would get bee stung. Father would put tobacco juice on the sting. Just to go down in the pasture and gather wild ripe dewberries for a berry cobbler, and eat some of them mashed up in cream and sugar. I will always like to walk in woods alone, for you have time to check up on yourself. I have prayed more walking through the woods than I ever did at church. I can see myself as I am, ask God to forgive me for some unkind words I have spoken. See the blessings he has bestowed upon us.

The dear little feathered friends, the product of God's love. Their beautiful songs. Earthly angels' songs done up in bundles of feathers. All the little things in life that are free for us. The flowers, -songs of birds, the humming of bees, the singing of a waterfall, the crickets chirping in the leaves. We cannot buy them, still we go heedlessly on, never thinking of what a blessing they are. . Never stopping to watch a beautiful sunset behind a hill. Stand and listen to the swish of bird wings passing over your head. I learn to love the lovely things, whether they be great or small and I found the little blessings were the best of all. I like to go back to where our Pond Springs schoolhouse used to be, walk around and think of the happy times we had playing "pop the whip", "getting popped off", playing "marching around the mulberry bush". Sometimes we would play baseball with the boys. I



Dord Springs School 1898.



A  
Clementine

batted left handed. Jack Sanders would say that you had better get out of Clem's way or she would hit you in the head with the bat. We had lots of fun -- have school entertainment, have our Christmas tree at the old schoolhouse. Have box suppers. Pond Springs neighborhood was so called because the many large ponds and springs that made up the head waters of Lake Creek which runs into Brushy Creek, then on the Gabriel River. But in between that and the ponds and springs that helped make up the head waters of Bull Creek, there is a natural land divide. I crossed it every morning going to school. No one calls it Pond Springs community anymore; they call it all Jollyville, now. I still love to think of it as Pond Springs. I have an old school group taken in 1898; Pond Springs School, written on a slate; I am holding the slate. Mr. Arthur Rutledge is the teacher; lots that are in the picture have gone on -- the ones still living are up in years. I was the youngest one in it and I am seventy-one. That is why Mr. Rutledge gave me the slate to hold, I was the least and youngest in the group. We walked to school down a country lane called the Rocky Lane, called now the Anderson's Mill Road. My school days with cousin Lillie Walden, my desk mate, Jack, Jim and Will and Roy in the same class together. The old school friends of yesterday.

#### In East Texas

When the dogwood was in bloom in the month of May, I would walk down in the pasture and admire the blossoms shimmering in the sun. They are beautiful. But the tree is always crooked. I have read about the legend of the dogwood tree, that it was used to make the cross for Christ. Therefore

it can never make a large and straight tree again, but will always have the beautiful blossoms to shine to the world of our Saviour's purity. I have lived in East Texas seven years. It is beautiful in the springtime. The wild pink roses and the red honeysuckle in bloom, the little haw bushes. The oaks and pines; they have different kinds of birds out there -- the kind that build little swinging nests. The Indian pinks -- just fields of them -- no bluebonnets. All of the farmers had flocks of geese to keep the grass out of their fields. Flowers and vegetables too grow rank in East Texas. Everything but bluebonnets and okra. I had large shaggy poppies to grow as high as my garden fence. Large beds of golden daffodils. All of the old settlers had lilac and cape jasmines in their yards. They both smell so good. When we moved to East Texas we had lived in a barren part of Oklahoma for two years, no flowers or orchards. I was so hungry for flowers. I sure had plenty. Where we lived was an old orchard; when it went to blooming I went down and really kissed the peach blossoms. They brought back memories of our orchard at my old homestead at Pond Springs. There was an old apple tree and a blackberry patch. I made blackberry pies and jelly. I made peach preserves, peach sweet pickles. We had all the garden we could eat and can. East Texas is wonderful. The bears are not the only things that hibernate. There is lots of trees and shrubs and flowers that hibernate; that is, they lie dormant all winter to resurrect in the springtime. Then beauty came to our countryside. To me, flowers are the most wonderful things that God created that he didn't put a soul into. The blind can smell their fragrance; we and the deaf can see them, and in them we can see and understand God. All things bright and beautiful --

all creatures great and small -- He made their  
glowing colors; the Lord God made them all.

### Childhood Memories

When I was twelve years of age, the men of our two neighborhoods decided to consolidate the two schools. The Pond Springs and the Jollyville schools. They took a vote and it passed. A few held out against it. One of my aunts made the remark that she would never go there to anything to do. She kept her word; she never did. That was terribly foolish for that was where we had Sunday School and church services. *Pond Springs School*



*House  
where I  
went to  
school  
way back  
in 1900.*

Our school entertainments, and our Christmas tree, box suppers, and my poor aunt stayed at home and lived at least forty years after her remark to

never go there. I don't know why they didn't compromise on the name for the school, but it is still called Pond Springs School. They hired a Jollyville man to teach the first school they founded. I went to him four school terms. He sure was a good teacher. He made me sit on the dunce stool one time, but I liked him anyway. He taught us to count up things in our head, and that has been a great help to me and has saved lots of times getting cheated in changing money. I was left handed and he came to my desk, took my pencil out of my hand, put it in my right hand and I sat there nearly frozen for I just couldn't use my right hand much. Finally, I got nerve enough to look up at him and he was laughing at me. So I felt safe. Most teachers back then wouldn't let a child write with his left hand. They sometimes would tie the poor little child's hand behind him. Our school house was just one large room and one teacher. He took up school at eight o'clock a.m. and turned us out at four o'clock p.m. We walked to school, for we sure didn't have school buses.

When a little girl, we had a union Sunday School in our Pond Springs neighborhood. I was in what was called the card class and Mrs. Jonnie Adkerson was our teacher and she kept that same class until I was in my teens. I never loved another teacher like I did her. She was a Presbyterian and she sure could sing alto. In the summertime she would have what she called Children's Day. The little girls would wear white lawn dresses, the little boys with their little bloused waist and knee pants would have speeches and sing songs. We would have a small table with a large silver bowl in the center and we would sing our last song and march by the table and drop a nickle in the dish. That money was used for Sunday School books. We would sing

"Bringing in the Sheaves". We would also have a Sunday School picnic. Barrels of free lemonade and swings for the children. My cousin Lovella Walden was the organist for Sunday School. We had our Sunday School in the afternoon about two o'clock. Mr. Adkerson was Sunday School superintendant. At Christmas times we would have a Christmas tree, have speeches and Christmas carols. The Sunday School would see that every child got a bag of candy and a big red apple. Our parents would put us a present on the tree. My first school teacher was a Mr. Pruitt.

### Memories

When a teenage girl I used to go spend some weeks with my cousin Rachel; we would attend the camp meeting at Oak Grove. Did we have fun. The cedar brush arbor with gasoline torches. That place is on Spicewood Springs Road. The little rock church is still in use. Charlie Venerable was my first beau; he walked around with me and sat with me under the arbor while the services were going on. He would fan me with the old fashioned open and shut fan. I wouldn't have taken a thousand for my proud feeling. My next beau was William Cunningham. He would take me to play parties at Sunday School and church services in the buggy. He had a new rubber tire buggy and a beautiful black buggy horse. When he bought the new buggy, he told the neighbor boys that Clemmie Walden was the girl that was going to ride in his buggy. I went with him over a year until I met the man I married, Claude Jackson. When he came along I had eyes for no one else. I was sixteen when my husband's family moved to our neighborhood. When I was seventeen he would play with me

at parties, be with me at picnics; at eighteen he began going with me and we became engaged. At twenty we were married. He was twenty-four. We lived on Forty-first Street just off of Guadalupe Street, Austin, Texas.

*The water falls I used to jump*



*On Grandfather Walden's place*

### Where Has My Beloved Bull Creek Gone?

My Grandmother Walden lived there and lots of times I spent weeks with her. She was a sweet gentle woman. A cousin, Rachel, and I would roam up and down the creek. In the springtime we would wade the Creek and gather wild flowers. In the summertime we would go in swimming. In the autumn we would go to some black walnut trees, gather us up a lap full of nuts and get a large rock to crack them on and a horse shoe nail to pick out

the kernals with. Gone now are all of those large walnut trees. The wild cherries that made us addle when we ate too many of them. The beautiful springs, with the maiden hair ferns. They are gone too. The button willows -- I thought they were so pretty with their round white ball blooms on them. The wild flower that we called five points are all gone. They were a red flower with five points. The wild sage that always would grow under the cedar trees. They had red blooms too. And a vine that could twine their curlers around the limbs of timber. They too had red blooms. They looked just like a little red pitcher. I am in my seventies now and I still love to go down and look my beloved valley over even if it has changed so much. I love to walk the old roads. The new roads have left them to one side in places, but I love the old roads where my father, W. D. Walden, and his brothers and sisters walked on their way to school at the Pleasant Valley school that my grandfather Hughell Walden helped to organize. When a child, I was afraid of the mill pond -- it was so deep the water looked a blue green, for Bull Creek used to run the year around; it never went dry in the old days. There used to be a house up on the hill on the East from the mill pond that belonged to my father's oldest brother, Uncle Jim Walden. When a little girl, I remember going there with my father to a candy breaking party -- that was what it was called in the old days. They would have two colors of stick candy -- white and red striped peppermint. It was placed in a large box with a hole in the lid, just large enough to reach your hand in. A man would choose a girl or woman to go draw candy with; if they matched sticks it was luck, but if they didn't, they would drop back one stick in the box and break the other one, so that is the reason it was called a candy breaking. Then they would play games. There

used to be lots of perch in the creek. We cousins used to catch perch and have fish fries. There were lots of us cousins up and down the creek. Uncle John's children and my daddy's sister, Prisella's, children. We had lots of fun playing our old-fashion games, playing tag and catching each other and hollering and listening to our own voices echoing back to us. My uncle John could play the jewsharp. That to me was a miracle in itself. Uncle John and Aunt Mary had twin babies, a girl and a boy, Clara and Clarence. The first twins I remember seeing. We cousins all gathered cedar wax and put stretch berries in it for our double bubble gum and pop it.

One time when I was just a teen ager, a cousin, Ruth Walden, and I walked all the way from Grandmother's place to my home in the Pond Springs community so we could go to a picnic up at was was called cedar park.. Father asked how us girls got there. We told him we walked and he said that "you girls sure want to go to a picnic", for it is eight miles from Mother's to here. " We had to pull off our shoes and wade the creek at the road crossing.

### The Love of Country

Just to sit at the foot of a hill and listen to the honking of wild geese going north in the spring time and watch a beautiful red bird flit through the trees or hear a mocking bird singing, you would say they are angels' songs done up in a bundle of feathers.

A little wren building her nest, all of those things are so miraculous and interesting. It will rest your soul and cause you to believe in God. Walking in the woods and hear the sudden fluttering of a covey of quail, just to find a cottontail rabbit

nest so snug and warm with little baby cotton tails, about three, just to walk down an old rail fence on the sides and have a road runner to start running down the road in front of you. He won't fly unless you crowd him. My cousin, Lillie Walden, and I used to walk a country lane to and from school. Some of my happiest childhood days were spent with Lillie. We would spend a night once in a while with each other, would sit up at night by the old oil lamp getting our lessons for next day. Sometimes I would spend a Saturday night with Lillie. Uncle Jim would hitch up the team to an old three-seated hack and we would all go to church.

### The Peace of Country Life

Just to awake at dawn and listen to all of the farm things awake. The rooster will crow and all of the chickens will begin to fly down. The cows will begin to get up and stretch their little calves with blate. The little pigs will begin to grunt and make for their mamas. Just looking back to my youth with my father on the dear old farm and ranch, the many things he did for me, the swing he fixed for me between two live oak trees, the many walks we used to take, and all the things he's showed to me. The memories make me glad. I am proud that he was my dad.

### The Joy of Country Life on a Farm

We who were born in the country place, far from noisy cities and strange faces -- we have a birthright no man can sell and a secret joy no man can tell, for we are kindred to lordly things. The wild geese on the wing, wild flowers in the spring. The frogs that

croak in the pond. The water cress growing in the creek at the foot of a hill and at night the crickets sing and the fire bugs fly and yellow buttercups nod and say goodbye. The joy of going down in the pasture with your father to drive up a cow with a new baby calf. In the springtime roam the woods for wild flowers with the wind blowing in your face so fresh and pure and my spirit would feel so free and my thoughts would be like a bird on the wing. So to the orchard when it is in full bloom -- the pink peach, the white plum and pear. The pretty crab apple in bloom, the honey bee buzzing in the flowers, the little baby chickens so soft and downy. The mother sow with her litter of little pigs. Just to find the goose nest with the large eggs. The pleasure of going to the orchard and eating peaches that have ripened on the tree. Or going out to the garden with a hand of salt and eating a ripe tomato fresh off of the vine.

Today my brother Tom took me out to an old place called Duval where we used to get our mail back in the 1890's. There used to be a country store and a gristmill there. You can just see the old foundation of the mill now. The spring which was called Duval Spring is still running. In later years we got our mail at McNeil. Then in 1900 we got our mail at Rutledge, a country store on the old Austin and Burnet Road. Then in later years we had a R. F. D. out of Round Rock, Texas. We would walk down a lane called Rocky Lane to get our mail at a mail box. When we got down that old lane we would go over a natural land divide. We lived in the Colorado River Basin and where our mail box was, was the Gabriel River Basin. That old Rocky Lane Road now is called Anderson Mills Road. My old home place is on Anderson Mills Road. Dr. Montgomery owns my old home place.

## Memories of My Childhood With My Father

The first time I remember going to church with my father, we walked down a black dusty road. He took me by the hand and I walked along beside of him. I was so proud of my father; I looked at the other men at church that morning and I thought my father was the best looking man there. He had on a stiff bosom white shirt, black suit with a vest where his watch chain was attached. They wore pocket watches in those days. I wore a white lawn dress. My braided hair tied with a red ribbon; I was five years old. His saddle horse was a beautiful bay with black mane and tail. The horse's name was Dixie. The saddle was pretty too. With long buffalo hide pockets on the saddle. When Father would go to round up some cattle he had a long rawhide lariat that he had braided a four strand braid. Up until I was twelve years old we had the longhorn cattle of many colors. I remember one time Father took me on Dixie; I rode in front of him in the saddle and we went out to Round Rock to Mr. Frank Atens. Father said I was three years old. We bought some honey from Mr. Aten. Oh I loved to go there. Cousin Lillie and I would play in the cellar and would swing. We would go down in the pasture to gather flowers. Lake creek ran through the pasture -- we would wade the creek. Lillie called the pasture the water pasture. Lillie and I grew up together, sat together even in the school we went to. Sometimes her brothers Floyd and Lee, my brother Newt and sister May and I would play "anti over ball". Sometimes Father would let us spend the night at Uncle Jim's. We cousins would sure have fun. We would play "hide and go seek", play "club fists" and "william trimble toe", and play "hull gull" and "puss wants a corner". Aunt Francis had a barrel churn; Lillie and I would

churn. She also had an ash hopper where she made lye for her lye soap. One time a bunch of us cousins: Clifton and George and Rachel Jones, Arthur and Claude Walden and I, got some wild cherries. They ate a few, but I ate too many and got addled like little robins do. One time when I was about five years old, I climbed up on a table out at the wash place and jumped off with a broom handle in my mouth. My sister Hattie ran out and picked me up; blood was spurting out of my nose. She carried me in the house -- she was crying too. She told May to go down in the field where Father was plowing and to tell him to come to the house, that the baby had fallen and hurt herself. I was a big girl before I ever told Hattie that I had jumped off. Brother Martin took me in his buggy to see my first wedding. I was eight years old. When I was about nine years old Martin took me in the buggy to Austin to see my first circus. We got on a street car. The main out in North Austin rode way down in East Austin to the show ground. We went into the big tent, then he took me that night into the carnival. We rode the hobbie horses. It was Ringling Brothers Circus. Then Brother Tom took me for my first train ride; that ride was on the old I. and G. N. I remember the year of 1898 so well. Father had two men working for him -- Mr. Pitman and Mr. Scroggin. They were both named John. Then Brother Martin and Father would play dominoes at night; they were white bone with large black spots. The war of 1898 -- the Spanish American -- came up; the two Johns donned their blue uniforms and went. We never saw them again. They wrote to Father, sent him some pictures. One picture was of the Cuban bone yard. I remember the big snow that winter of 1898. One morning Father woke me up for breakfast. He said, "Clem, get up and look

out; something flew over and covered the ground with white sugar." That was the biggest snow I ever saw and the coldest weather. The Colorado River froze over. Our yellow dog we called Rock; Father had him trained to catch wild hogs. Those times they would have a brood sow; she would be marked. Father marked one ear, clipped a little V in them. The hogs would run all year in the woods. Then in hog killing time, Father and my brothers would take Rock in the wagon and gather up the chotes that were following their mother sow. The wild boars would fight; we children had a pet cat; we called him Elso. When he died we put him in a large shoe box. Newt preached his funeral; May and I gathered wild flowers for his grave. Rock lived to be eleven years old. I cried when he died. One time I was over at Aunt Sarah's spending the day. Cora, May, Arrie and I were playing. We went to a water tank down in the pasture, played with some little tadpoles. Cora baptized me in the tank. Sister May baptized Arrie. We went back up to the house; we would build corn cob houses. Then we decided we would walk around the lot on the picket fence with a two by four nailed on the top. Arrie and I fell off in the hog pen, and we had a fight; that was the only cousin I ever had a fight with. We pulled hair and kicked each other. Aunt Sarah heard us and came down there and spanked Arrie, but not me. She said, "Aren't you little girls ashamed of yourselves?" I did feel kind of guilty. Arrie and I grew up to love each other. When I was a child we had geese -- the white ganders and grey goose kind. May, Newt and I would have to catch them for Sister Hattie to pick the feathers. We would make feather pillows. I sure would like to find a goose nest. The eggs were so large. The little gooslings were so sweet I wanted to mash them. Hattie told me they would die if I hurt them. One time a gander fell in

the well. He was dead before Father and the boys came in from work. I used to go down in the field where Father would be plowing. I would walk around with him until I gave out. He would have me lie down at the fence row. I would rest and sleep, get up and follow him around again. Brother Tom used to milk the cows. Martin would feed the stock; Newt would chop the stove wood. I remember my father's hay baler. I used to go down in the field and watch my father and brothers bale hay. It was quite different from the method they use now. We used to raise our own sorghum molasses cane. We would take the cane to a neighbor, Mr. Carter, to have it made into molasses. Of all things I remember the old grind stone; Father would pick up his chopping axe, look at it and I would hide out if I could, for he would say, "Come on Clem, and turn the grind stone for me." Father had a two wheel gig. I loved to go riding with him in the gig. We had a brood mare; she had a little yellow mule colt. When the mule was big enough, Father broke her to drive with that two wheel gig. We called the mule Kit. We kept the mule until she died with old age. And the old dinner horn -- how glad that mule would be to hear that horn; she would bray, for she knew that meant to quit plowing and get fed. That horn meant for everyone to come to the house no matter where you were. I remember seeing Father's sister, Sarah, at the spinning wheel. She was such a sweet little dumpy woman and a little lady. Rachel lived with Grandmother so I would always be with her when I visited Grandma. One time Rachel and I went down to a large black walnut tree beside the creek. We climbed up in the tree, were playing and we saw a deer come down from the hillside to drink. We were quiet; the deer would hold his head high and listen. He was beautiful. We would eat

walnuts, pick them out with a horse shoe nail. My father said when he was a boy, Grandpa got Uncle Fred Sassman to take his cotton to Port Lavaca in an ox freight wagon. Uncle Fred got paid all in gold. Uncle Fred -- no kin -- came over to America on a sail boat, a little orphan German boy from Germany at the age of thirteen years old. The Thurms family were Grandma's neighbors. They were from Germany. The steep hill that now takes you up Bull Creek, the Spicewood Spring Road, is the Thurms' hill.

My father loved me for what I was or was not. When Father walked beside me in my childhood, my burdens were light and the path less steep. All the world seemed brighter when Father walked by my side. My father forgave me when I was bad, loved and comforted me when I was sad. He calmed my fears. He sat by my bedside when I was ill. I dream again of childhood days and scenes of long ago when Father walked by my side holding my hand. All the world was so wonderful when I walked with my father.

February 2, 1963

We didn't have a cloudy day for the ground hog; we are having a dust storm. We had a hard January. Got down to twelve degrees here in Austin, Texas. That isn't as bad as it was in 1898 when the Colorado River froze over, and we had the biggest snow I ever saw in this part of Texas. Then I didn't have to worry about my water lines freezing up. We had a deep water well. I didn't have to worry about gas bills; we sat around a large wood fire place. Father would put a big oak log on and we would circle around. Father loved having us with him; he called us his family

circle. We would pop some popcorn. I would sit on Father's knee; sometimes he would cross his legs and put me on his foot, take hold of my hands and would jump me up and down, said that was like riding a bucking horse. Sometimes Sister May and I would go down in the horse pasture, catch Father's cow pony Dixie, lead him up to a stump, get on him and ride. One time one of our yearling calves had gotten in the horse pasture. May and I were riding Dixie. Down in the pasture there was a little wild white rose, in early spring. I would go down to see if my little rose had bloomed. I kept a close watch on it. I thought it was the sweetest (and I still do) little rose I ever saw. In East Texas the wild pink roses grow. I would make mud dolls and mud pies, wade in the pond and catch little tadpoles. I thought the orchard was so pretty when it was in bloom -- the pink peach and white plum and pear blossoms. To me all the world was in peace. The birds singing and building their nests. I hear a mocking bird singing; he is just out of my window. Seems like he is trying to cheer me, sing my heartaches away. The long lonely hours I have spent since the passing of my husband. The heartache of losing him and my father. The two men that I loved and that loved me, and of my dear Sister Hattie, the one that I could always turn to. My brothers that have gone on. Brother Martin and Newton. The singing of a mocking bird always brings back those dear ones to me -- makes me think of a poem I learned as a child:

Snow, snow lies on the ground,  
Snow, snow on every tree  
Then let us spare them grain or bread  
How lonely all the world would be  
If they were lying dead.

I love to hear wild geese honking across the sky;

I watch and listen to them until they are out of hear- and sight. I don't know why, but I do. I used to sit by the spring and listen to the little wild things. You can feel so close to God, and forget your worries. Just to find a wild rabbit nest full of little baby rabbits, peep into a bird nest and watch the baby bird's mouth fly open -- they think their mother has come with them a worm. Since I have grown old I think so much about so many little children that have to live in closed-in places. Never know the pleasure of a home on a farm and ranch. Where you can run with the wind blowing in your face and feel so free. Play mud dolls, watch the little pigs getting their dinner or the little lambs playing. Watch the cows coming in to their baby calves and to be milked. Sit up on a rail fence and watch your father feed the horses and hogs, watch your brothers milk the cows and chop wood. Now I sit alone in my home so lonely. My three little boys grown and families of their own. I think of the busy days of the past, and of the cute things they would say, of the disputes I had to settle for them, but all of that is sweet memories for me. Getting up early of morning -- my husband and I having breakfast by ourselves. That was the time we reserved for ourselves; my husband always helped me get breakfast. After he had gone to work I would awaken the little boys, get them off to school. Now I have so much time and to spare. I guess our life is pretty much like God's seasons. Springtime is our childhood. Summertime is our youth and romantic time. Autumn is when we are rearing our family. Winter is our old age. Life is like climbing a mountain; it is easy at first, but further up you go the harder and steeper the climb. By the time we get close to the top we have become old and slowed down and the harder it becomes to climb. The last miles of the way become so lonely when you have to

climb them alone, like I am having to do. If I just had my husband for the last mile of the way. I always said my husband was the only man I ever loved enough to leave my father for. But that doesn't mean I stopped loving my father for I loved and adored him as long as he lived, and cherish his memory. I have lots of friends, but the best friends I ever had was my father and my children's dad. My memories I have of my old home with my father are some of my most cherished memories and of Grandfather Walden's old home on Bull Creek. It may seem strange to some people how and why any one would feel so attached to a plot of ground, but to me, both places are dear. I was so close to things of country life to see the changes taking place on those dear old places, I feel that the end of something has come, that an epoch important to me, though of no consequence to other people, has ended. To see the old creek that used to run the year around, just clear and rushing on toward the Colorado River, to me it is like seeing an old friend die. If I live long enough, I will ride on a four lane highway right across our fireplace room in the house where I was born, October 21, 1891. Then my father's house was on Grandfather Walden's land on Bull Creek just above the mill pond.

### Childhood

When I was a little child I always loved to be outside. I loved the pasture and I think I ate every kind of berry that grew in our pasture. Hackberries, cedar berries, agirita berries, blackhaws, black persimmons. We gathered cedar and put stretch berries in it so we could pop it. I ate wild mul-

berries, shoemac berries and grape nuts. I loved to go down to the spring in our pasture and gather wild flowers and get maiden hair fern at the spring. Sometimes Sister May and I would go down to the spring and get water cress. My brother Newton called the wild violets, chicken fights, because he would hook their heads together and jerk them off. I have ~~ran~~ the pasture lots when a child, gathering wild violets, pink prim roses, and wild phlox and jonny jump ups. To me, the woods was God's cathedral. I still love to roam the woods and climb hills. I would go with my father on long walks around the pasture. My Sister May didn't like the hills and I did, so I would roam around with my father; we both liked the hills and woods. The spring and running creeks were our delight. I guess we inherited the love of hills from our ancestors from the hills of Tennessee. I sure did like to find a bird's nest. I would climb the tree and peep in. Father told me not to touch the nest or the bird would leave. Some bird eggs are speckle; some a blush color; some white. When I got bee stung or red wasp stung, Father would put tobacco juice on the sting, and to this day I don't like tobacco in any form. My Uncle Jim Walden would be one hundred and thirteen years of age if living. He was born in 1849 and passed away in 1945. He has talked lots about how Bull Creek looked back when he was a boy. Said the low land and glades were covered with grass knee high and even the hills had grass on them where there was no timber. Grandmother Walden had three brothers and one sister to settle on Bull Creek. Aunt Mary Ann Johns, Uncle Mac Hays, Uncle Jack Hays and Uncle Newton Hays; a sister, Aunt Martha Dodge settled at Round Rock, Texas. She had another sister, Aunt Beckie Muise; I don't know where she lived. And Grandmother Walden's parents also came to Texas. I don't know where they lived, but they are

buried here in Austin, Texas. Great Grandfather was born in 1803 and Great Grandmother Hays was born in 1804. Great Grandfather Nichols B. Hays knew how to make gun powder -- so did Grandfather Walden, so when the War Between the States came up, they worked at the Anderson Mill on Cypress Creek making gun powder for the Southern states. Last week I attended the funeral of one of my mother's cousins, Claudia Nelson Johns. She was the last of my mother's cousins to go. She was eighty-nine years of age and the mother of twelve children. She married my father's cousin, George Johns. So us children were double kin. They were a wonderful family.

March 11, 1962: today I went back to my old home in the Pond Springs community. I walked around over the yard under the Live Oaks. The two close together where I had my swing are still living, but the large post oak and three live oaks and one large cedar are gone. I walked out in the orchard that my father set out in 1900; just one pear tree is still living; then I walked out to where he had his bee stands in a grove of trees back of our back yard; so many of the trees out there are gone. We called that grove of trees the bee arbor. Father had twenty-five stands. I went out to the barn that is still standing, the chicken sheds, the sheep sheds and the mule stalls where old Ket and Beck used to eat -- all are still standing; the old feed troughs in the cow lots are still there. The windmill at the well is still running. I walked and looked and so many memories came through my mind of my childhood. The hay lot where I used to find hens' nests in the haystacks and fodder stacks. I did love to find a hen's nest in them. Also I loved to slid on the haystack. The cottonseed house is gone. The old home house is torn down, but

some of the cedar blocking of the foundation is still standing. I was born in the old house, October 21, 1891. All of the shrubs in the yard are gone. The lilacs that smelled so good, the white althea tree. All of the rose bushes are dead. The two mulberries in the back yard are gone; the two Japanese persimmons are gone. An old friend of mine took me back; we rode down in the cow pasture and just looked down the ravine, down toward one of the springs that runs into Bull Creek. Father and I used to go down there and just sit and talk. All of the buffalo wallows have filled up in the horse pasture and the large pond back of the field has filled up so much in the last sixty years since I used to play sailing in my black mud dolls on a board. Rainy years the pond would get up above our wire netting on our field fence; the frogs would croak -- I love to hear them and watch the little tadpoles. All of the Indian mounds are gone. But still I love to go back and just walk around and look and think of my childhood days with my father going to the orchard, gathering peaches in the wooden peach buckets. He would bring them to Austin. Father would get me some pink ribbon for my hair and my sister, blue ribbon; if he got us a new dress, mine would be pink, and May's, blue.



My Grand Son John Jackson  
-67- at the Mill Pond falls  
where Grand Father Walden had his mill

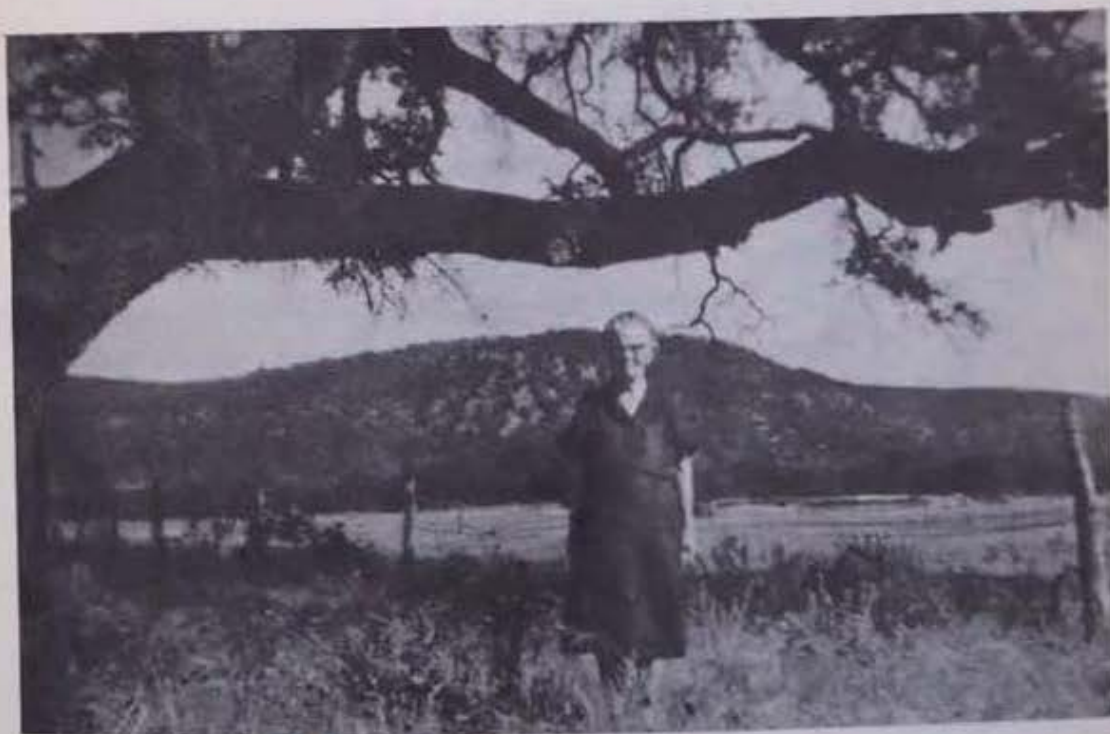
## My Mother's People, The Nelsons

My Grandfather Thomas Nelson was born in North Carolina in 1827. He left there at the outbreak of the War Between the States and went to Springfield, Missouri and joined the Northern Army. He didn't believe in slavery. Then in 1870 he brought his family to Texas. My mother Margot was nine years old. He was a blacksmith by trade. He was a Methodist in religious belief. They also, like my Walden grandparents came to Texas in an ox wagon. My grandmother was Elizabeth O'Daniel Nelson. She was a Scotch-Irish woman. She was of the old Presbyterian faith. She was born in North Carolina in 1827. Grandfather lived to the age of seventy-seven years; Grandmother, to the age of eighty years. I didn't get to be with my Nelson grandparents like I did Grandmother Walden as my mother passed on and naturally my father would visit his mother the most. Mother had four brothers: John, Dee Kalb, Tom, Alfred; one sister, Elizabeth; one half brother, William; two half sisters, Nancy and Frances. Three of Grandmother Nelson's children married three of Grandmother Walden's children, so we had lots of double cousins. Grandmother used to knit lots. She would tell me that she had dropped a stitch. I couldn't understand it, for I hadn't seen any stitch fall. I have a lace collar that she knitted. She always kept herself in knitted gloves for she would as soon go anywhere barefooted as bare handed. She used to say to me, "Clem, don't you fib to me, for I can tell it by your eyes". I could look at her black eyes and believe she could. Sometimes when she would be visiting us in the spring time she would say, "Come on, Clem, go with me to hunt for some wild greens." We would get polk greens, lambsquarter

and wild lettuce and she would look for the wild thornless red careless weed. She would chop up the wild lettuce with chopped onions and pour hot meat gravy over it. She would boil all of the other greens in the iron dinner pot with a chunk of bacon, and it was good. She was a descendant of the Tudor family back in England. She was very proud and very strict in her religious beliefs. She didn't believe in any kind of work on Sundays, wouldn't churn or anything that could wait until Monday. She and Grandfather called each other Pa and Ma. I thought it sweet. When he died, they had been married fifty-two years. He kissed her hands just before he passed away.

February 11, 1962

Today I went back to my grandfather's old home on Bull Creek. I walked in the yard under the giant twin live oak trees.



*Clementine*

Then I went out to the old cemetery. Then we rode around a mountain road. While up there we could look across Bull Creek to the hills on the other side; we came back to the yard and the twin oaks. Then I wanted to go down to the spring. I got my bearings and took off for the spring, still running on its way down the spring branch and off of a bluff into Bull Creek on to the Colorado River and on to the bay. I have climbed that spring bluff many times when I was a child. It was a beautiful place with maiden hair fern growing in the crevices in the rocks. But I can't ever climb that bluff again as I am now in my seventies, but I sure would like to. I walked and looked with memories of days gone by -- days of my childhood visits to Grandmother Walden's. I would get to sleep on the little trundle bed. Bull Creek Valley used to be beautiful with large black walnut trees on its banks and wild cherry trees, sycamores, mountain laurel. Gone are the beautiful trees. The creek doesn't run like it used to. So many of the springs have gone dry. When I go back and look I see the scars of time. Brush is where beautiful timber used to be. The soil has washed away; everything looks so scarred, but still I love to go back and think of the good times we cousins would have at Grandmother Walden's. She was so kind to us little folks. She was reared back in Tennessee -- Rachel Hays -- closely related to Captain John (Jack) Hays, a Texas Ranger. She outlived my grandfather. Therefore I remember her always dressed in black, which was the custom of that time. I remember her holyhocks. She loved flowers. She was a nice housekeeper and neat in everything she did. She never got her voice raised or used any kind of slang words. She was loved and adored by her children and grandchildren. She was loved and looked up to by her neighbors.

She was an old-time lady and a real gentlewoman. I wish I could be like her. She lived to the age of seventy-four years. *My Grand mother*

*Rachel (Hays) Walden*



*Born in  
Tenn.  
1829*

The ruts cut by the first Walden family back in the 1850's and 1860's. Grandfather hauled great cedar logs with an ox team out of the hills to help build railroads out on the prairies around Austin. Later his three sons, James, William (my father) and John hauled telegraph poles, telephone poles, and fence post out of the hills on Bull Creek. I love to look, even if they are scarred by time. Lots of flowers bloomed up and down the valley. I still love to gather wild flowers. I sometimes do when at home; I have a yard full of flowers. To me, wild flowers are diamonds in the roughs. There is a hill back of my grandfather's barns that I always thought was about ten or twelve feet away, but that is one hill on Bull Creek that has an optical illusion. My mother's brother, Dr. De Kalb Nelson, found one hundred and

thirteen dollars in what is called Cougar Hollow; that is a rough ravine joining Grandfather' Walden's land. The money was buried in an old iron pot. Grandfather had some gold money stolen from him one time. Now I look at the waste land where I used to see corn fields and orchards growing with cedar rail fences. There was a cedar rail fence around Grandfather Walden's field -- the zig zag kind. We children used to play in the fence corner. We little girls would build our play house in them. My cousin Charlie Cromeans used to get up on the fence and preach for us. We little girls would sing. We would play that we were having camp meeting. Charlie was my mother's nephew. But he grew up with my Walden cousins. Charlie lived in one of Grandfather Walden's rent houses on Bull Creek. Sometime yet, Charlie and I will go back to the old places up and down the creek where we used to play. Now cars go over good roads where wagons, hacks and buggies used to go. Young folks would ride horseback, girls on side-saddles. There has been new roads cut across the hills; the old road followed the creek, and there have been low water bridges built across the creek crossing and covered the wagon ruts cut down in the rock bed of the creek.

### A Tribute to My Father

#### Achievement

Life gave him dreary tasks to do,  
And fortune never came,  
He lived his whole existence through  
Unheralded by fame;  
His mind was never free from care,

No time for sport he had,  
And yet when silvered was his hair,  
His twilight days were glad.  
No more he grieved for pleasures,  
Nor grudged the toilsome task,  
For he had gained from life's long list  
Of joys, the one he'd ask.  
His daughters now are women true,  
His sons are worthy men,  
And all the care he struggled through  
Is paid for ten times ten.  
Life gives to some men wealth and fame,  
To some its pleasures gay,  
A few its luxuries may claim,  
But happiest are they  
Who come to old age peacefully  
And in the twilight spell  
Before they say "good night", can see  
Their children doing well.

Author Unknown

### In Memory of Grandmother Walden

Grandmother's house, with its chimney and  
all,  
Stood by the hills where the cedar trees grew,  
An oak in front which grew sturdy and tall,  
A road leading up, we all very well knew.  
  
Built of cedar logs, but a home indeed,  
Where we all loved to go and spend the day,  
Grandma would care for the sick and those  
in need,  
And lived by the grace of God in the Christian  
way.

Near by was a rocky creek and a deep mill  
pond,  
A road leading by an old log school house,  
Where boys and girls to learning would  
respond,  
Or otherwise maybe keep still as a mouse.

They had a man teacher, who was a school  
master,  
And not a mere sissy, as some folks might  
suppose,  
And maybe that is why they learned so much  
faster,  
Anyway, that seems to be the way the story  
goes.

A log cabin with chimney and all,  
With Grandma seated by the fireside,  
The oak trees which grew large and so tall,  
Are memories which seem ever to abide,  
Daniel A. McKenzie  
(A cousin)

### Bull Creek Ran Deep

The Walden's domain, the Bull Creek lands,  
Are Gone now, into another's hands,  
We all bow our heads and weep,  
And say, Bull Creek ran deep.  
Bubbling water, into favorite pools,  
Hungry perch swam in schools.  
On the shore, picnics all the day,  
Walden children ran at play.  
Old folks sat, lazily to dream,  
By our own Bull Creek stream.  
So many things in memories old,

Grand stories, told and retold,  
For a hundred years or more,  
Stories that never do bore.  
Oldsters tell the young not to forget.  
The young listen and don't fret.  
They wish to keep the stories fresh, year  
after year  
Passed on generation to generation as  
something dear.  
For this Bull Creek land was not easy to  
gain.  
It took sweat and blood, a lot of pain.  
And right through the thickest and the thin,  
Heads held high, out to win,  
Work the fields in the broiling sun,  
Seems like the work is never done.  
Lord, will this drought ever end.  
Only to pray my head I bend.  
Twice burned out -- all a loss, a generation  
apart,  
It happened before to Waldens, so take heart.  
Set your hat; grit your teeth; start anew,  
Because a Walden never gives up as through.  
Sickness and death and many a birth,  
Take it as it comes, for you all know this  
land's worth.  
Pass it down father to son,  
Teach them to hold; it can be fun.  
Work they say, for the night is to come,  
Work they all did, not just some.  
Now the night has come to us Waldens all,  
And although we still walk tall,  
We all weep; oh, how we weep,  
For memorable Bull Creek -- you ran deep.

When My Husband Died -- March 13, 1950

I feel sometimes like I have really come to the Red Sea place in my life. I sure felt that way at the loss of my husband. It reads like this:

When you come to the Red Sea place in your  
life,  
Where in spite of all you can do, there is no  
way back.  
There is no way around.  
There is no way but through.  
Then trust in the Lord with a faith supreme;  
Till the night and the storm are gone.  
He will still the winds;  
He will part the waves;  
When he says to your soul: go on, go on.

I guess that we all have to come to the Red Sea place sometime in life.

#### The Old Time Noises of Years Gone By

Grinding coffee in an old coffee mill on the  
kitchen wall.  
Churning in an old dasher churn.  
Beating egg with a fork, in a platter.  
The rub rub of the wash board on wash day.  
Scrubbing the floors with a cloth tied around a  
garden hoe.

#### My Husband's Grandparents on his Mother's Side

His grandfather: Ely Clark  
Grandmother: Hester Mitchel Clark

His mother: Mary Frances Clark. Born in Lounds County, Mississippi, September 25, 1861. Married John Lee Jackson, November 16, 1884. They both died November 15, 1939.

#### On His Father's Side

Grandfather: Asa Jackson. Born in Mississippi.

Grandmother: Maiden name Richardson.

#### I Wandered

I wandered through the forests along the banks of a spring branch that flows into Bull Creek. Its rippling voice whispering like the voices from out of a dream. I heard the murmur of the leaves and the forest was full of music, the hum of the many wild honey bees. I stood by a waterfall. A soft wind moved the grasses; an insect piped a tune from his hideout near the ground. I bowed my head in reverence for I felt alone with God. The sun was slipping down in the west, making a long shadow. I loved this hour of the day, but I knew I had better be getting back home.

October 13, 1963

Today three of my grandsons: John, Robert, and Billie Jackson, went out with me to the Bull Creek valley. I wanted them to see where their ancestors settled when they came to Texas. We went first to Grandfather Walden's old place. Ate a picnic lunch under the beautiful twin oaks. We made some

pictures of the old trees where so many of the Walden grandchildren have played under in the years gone by. I took them to the spring to show them how the first Walden got their water supply. I told Billie, the youngest, that my father was called Billie too, and he had to carry water by the bucket, up the steep hill from the spring, and now his great grandson Billie can just turn on the water tap when he wants some water. My late father used to sit around an open fireplace. And now they, my grandchildren, sit around gas heaters, study their lessons by electric lights and watch television. My father, their great grandfather, had to study his lessons by candlelight. After that, I took them and showed them the old mill pond, where their great grandfather Hugh Walden had his shingle mill back in the 1860's. My grandfather had worked in the lumber mills back in Tennessee before coming to Texas.

### The Early Days of Austin

In 1839, Austin's numbered streets -- First Street, Second Street, and so on -- weren't always so comparatively void of romance. When a commission of the Republic of Texas, back in 1839, laid out the Capital City, it took thought of a couple of the Republic's natural assets -- wood and water, and commemorated the ample possession of both in naming of the new city's streets. The original city of Austin, one of the few in the world to be deliberately chosen and patterned to be a capital of a sovereign nation, was bounded on the east by East Avenue and on the west by West Avenue. Its south limit was the north bank of the Colorado River. To the north, the limit was what is now

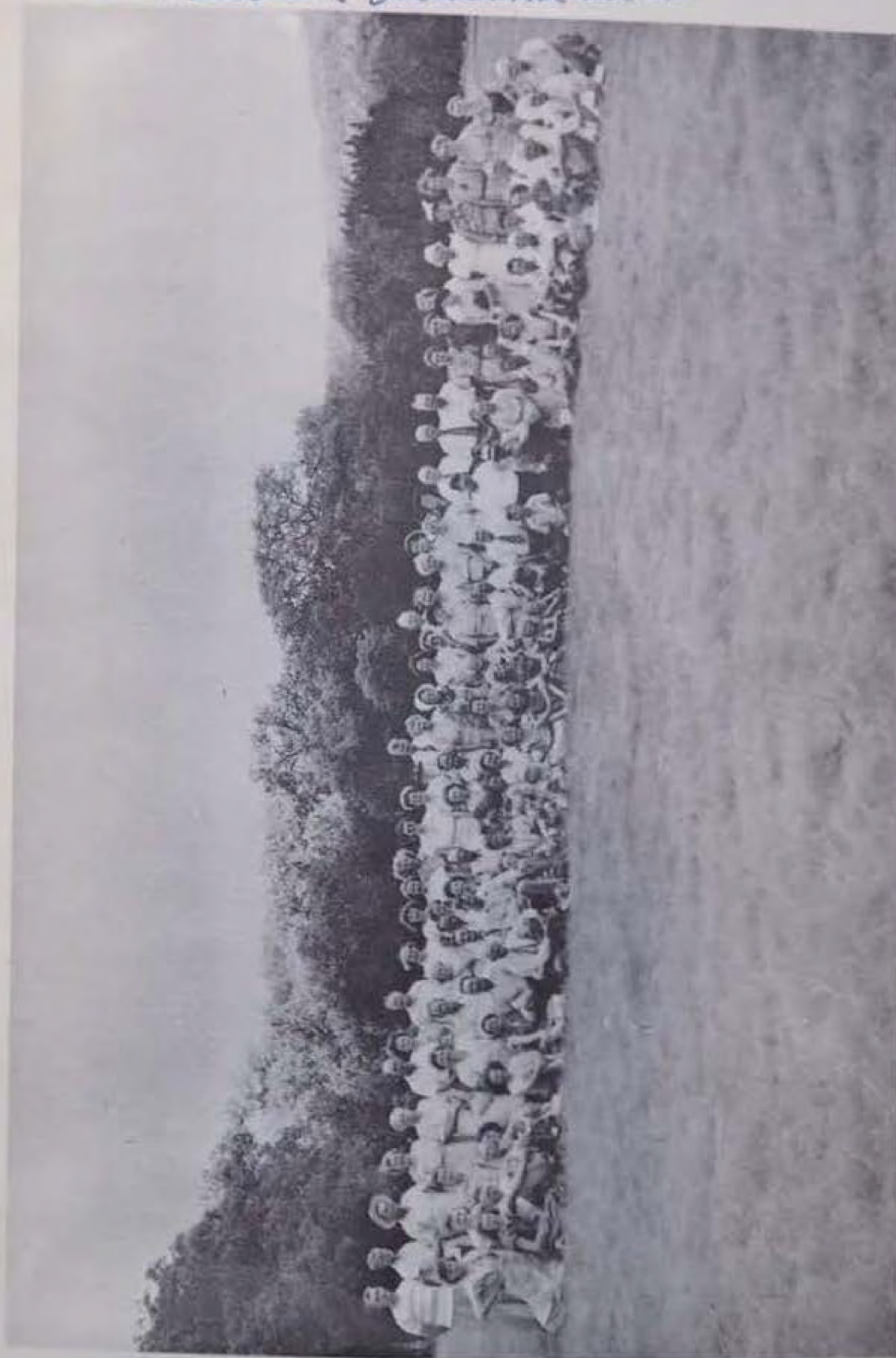
Nineteenth Street. Congress, East and West Avenue and the north and south running streets to the east and west of Congress within the original city limits have kept their original titles. The streets to the east and west of Congress were named for Texas rivers. Those to the east taking their names from the major rivers to the east of the center of the state; those to the west from the major waterways west of the state's center. But the east and west running streets have had their names replaced with numbers instead of the original names taken from trees native to Texas, with three exceptions. Here's the list of original east-west streets, as taken from a U. S. Military map of the city, made not long after the Lone Star Flag was hauled down from what is now City Hall -- site of the last Capitol of the Republic and replaced with the Stars and Stripes: First Street was Water Street, Second was Live Oak, Third was Cypress, Fourth was Cedar, Fifth was Pine, Sixth was Pecan, Seventh was Bois d'Arc, Eighth was Hickory, Ninth was Ash, Tenth was Mulberry, Eleventh was Mesquite, Twelfth was College Avenue, Thirteenth was Peach, Fourteenth was Walnut, Fifteenth was North Avenue, Sixteenth was Cherry, Seventeenth was Linden, Eighteenth was Chestnut, and Nineteenth was Magnolia Street.

That was Austin as my grandparents and my father knew it. I remember it quite different, very different from what it is now. I remember when Sixth Street was called Pecan Street; it was our main shopping center. W. B. Smith dry good store, Bohn and Shelby's dry good store. K. C. Miller's second-hand furniture where the Yank Theater is now. On Congress Avenue it was quite different from what it is now. Scarbrough was a one story building called Scarbrough and Hicks. Then Rattz and O'Riley dry good store, (then Williams and Finks). Now it is

just T. H. Williams. Where Woolworth store is, was Van Smith's Drug Store. Where Dacys shoe store is was the Berts Brothers shoe store. I remember the dirt street; the hitching post up and down Congress Avenue. The water troughs -- one was where Guadalupe Street and Nueces Street come into one, which is Guadalupe Street, about the twenty-eighth block. That is where Father always watered the team when we came to town. We would come the Burnet Road which was a crooked dirt road; we would turn what is now Thirty-eighth street and come into Guadalupe Street. Also the Eglehardt watering trough, Twenty-first and Speedway. My father and older brothers and sister remember the mule drawn street cars, but I don't. I remember the trolley street cars. The Eglehardt watering trough had a bust form of Mr. Eglehardt at it.

*This picture was made  
4<sup>th</sup> July 1950 on Bull Creek  
Parts of five generations  
are in it. This was  
our Centennial.*

The Walden descendents



1850 — 1950.

